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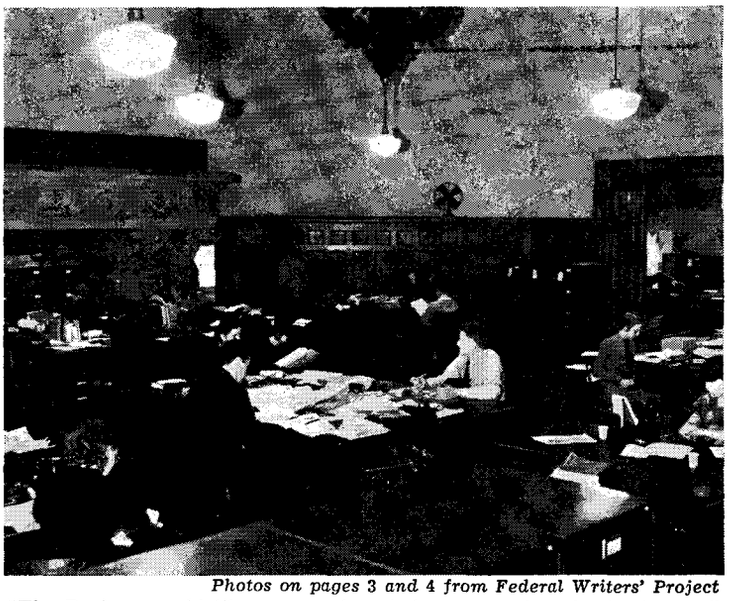
The Federal Writers' Project

BY BLAIR BOLLES



Photos on pages 3 and 4 from Federal Writers' Project

"The Project would like to put the whole country into its books . . ."
(The FWP in temporary quarters at the McLean Mansion, Washington)

IN the early flush of the New Deal's boundless affluence, at the end of August, 1935, President Roosevelt opened the W. P. A. to America's bench-dwelling authors. The decision that turned the United States government into a literary entrepreneur was prompted by Jake Baker, Assistant W. P. A. Administrator, who was the writer's and artist's one importunate friend within the fold in Washington when the money was being freely showered around. He insisted to Harry Hopkins that a project for unemployed writers could yield something of lasting value for the whole country and would encourage talents which might stale without a chance for expression. Hopkins, the master of three billion dollars, assigned to Henry G. Alsberg a converted dressing room high above the stage of the old Auditorium in Washington and set him to work as Director of the Federal Writers' Project.

For more than a year Alsberg, who joined Hopkins's Federal Emergency Relief Administration in 1934, had been waiting for the time when he could act on the suggestion put forward by several writers' organizations in New York that the government sponsor a series of guidebooks to the United States. A search of four large libraries which showed that even Brazil and Colombia outshone us in tourism handbooks proved America's need for the guides. And a guide to Connecticut produced by the F. E. R. A. as an experiment turned out well enough to convince at least the Hopkins office that men and women on the dole were apt at such work. So by the time Alsberg arrived at the high estate of Director, he had no doubts about what the relief writers should write. The answer was guides.

When the Hopkins assembly line began to whirr, two problems thumped the brains of the literary commissioners in Washington. The first was finding suitable directors for the state projects, into which the national project was subdivided. The second was agreeing on a set of instructions to educate the state directors on the nice point of how squads of workless writers, researchists, and stenographers were to collaborate in making guides. Alsberg and Co.—an efficient staff of experienced editors and supervisors who, among others, at the beginning included Reed Harris and Katharine Kellock—learned that persons suitable for state directing were rare. Washington has sad tales to tell today of its troubles with old scholars set in their ways, brilliant editors constitutionally unable to finish a book, and political appointees who scarcely knew an essay from a letter home. The state directors recall their own confusion when rules 1 to 11 on the way to write a guidebook were revised and reissued as rules 11B to 24, by which all guides now are made. Miriam Allen de Ford, the short story writer, who is on the California project, put her irritation into verse:

I think that I have never tried
A job as painful as the guide,
A guide which changes every day
Because our betters feel that way.

Most of these troubles are ancient history. Confusion in the sticks has subsided, and many of the directors today are excellent — especially Lyle Saxon, in Louisiana; Vardis Fisher, Idaho; John T. Frederick, Illinois; Dr. U. R. Bell, Kentucky; Mrs. Irene Fuhlbruegge, New Jersey; Harlan Hatcher, Ohio; Mrs. Eudora Ramsay Richardson, Virginia; John H. Derby, Connecticut; J. Frank Davis, author of "The Ladder," Texas; Edwin Bjorkman, North Carolina; Professor Bertrand Wainger, New York; and Ross Santee, Arizona. But the difficulties of the Wisconsin project, where local whimsy as well as Washington upset the practice of public authorship, are still remembered as spectacular. Dr. Charles Brown was the first Wisconsin state director. As curator of the Historical Museum at the University of Wisconsin, he could give only part of his attention to the Project; at his suggestion, some of the directing was done by a young woman expert in folklore. Soon the curator resigned from the F. W. P., the folklorist retired, and they were married. A new director changed the Brown policies. He remained only a short while, and John J. Lyon became the third director. Lyon brought still different policies, which, however, speeded the Project's activities. In between the arrivals and departures of the Project chieftains the Wisconsin authors managed to produce four pamphlets on eccentric topics incidental to the business of preparing the state guide—"Wisconsin Circus Lore," "Wisconsin Mushrooms" (twenty edible species), "Wisconsin Indian Lore," and "Wisconsin Place Name Legends." Lyons found that the Milwaukee Project was jealous of the Madison Project, and the Madison Project was angered by the Milwaukee Project's grousing at small Madison's receiving more attention than large Milwaukee. He finally silenced these intra-state mutterings, and the Wisconsin guide now is at the printer's.

In the opinion of Washington, the state director is the key to the success or failure of the Project. For a poor director the best writers are useless; a good director invariably gets results. Among the writers the gamut of excellence has run from Conrad Aiken to unreliable legmen. Alsberg has insisted that the au-

Next Week

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH
By JONATHAN DANIELS
Reviewed by Lambert Davis

LOVE AT THE MISSION
By R. HERNEKIN BAPTIST
Reviewed by Stuart Cloete

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thors have a certain skill, but his aides admit they are not completely successful in keeping out the phonies. To find out exactly what sort of persons were on the F. W. P. rolls, Alsberg in April sent a questionnaire to his state directors. He received reports from 35 states, employing a total of 2,316 persons on the Project. Of these 1,722 were assigned to editorial, literary, research, or reportorial work, and 594 were stenographic and secretarial workers, file clerks, photographers, map men, and the like. The group of 1,722 was broken down into 83 nationally known writers, 107 who have held important editorial posts, 105 who have more than statewide reputations as scholars, educators, or research workers, 393 who have had at least a year's experience on a newspaper, 339 who have sold to magazines and newspapers but who are not nationally known, 159 "beginning writers with promise," 158 who have done a little newspaper work, 165 who have done scholarly work for which they have received only local or state recognition, and 213 unclassifiable workers. The state directors were the judges of the aptitudes and reputations. Even Washington hasn't yet determined the answer to the question, "What is a writer?"

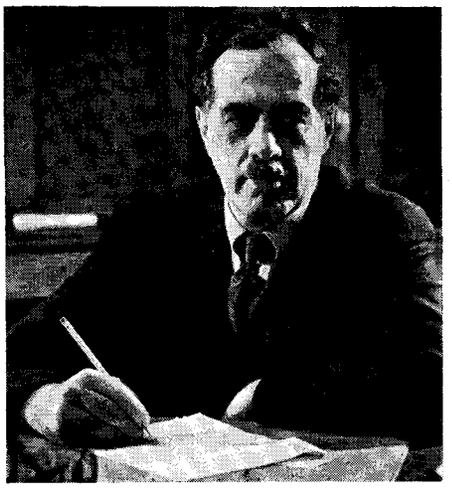
When the F. W. P. was organized, 2,000 persons registered as writers were on the nation's relief rolls. At its height in April, 1936, the Project payrolls carried 6,471 names. Today it is supporting in some fashion more than 3,500. The workers are offered only an automat and hall bedroom existence, but to many it probably is a preferable alternative to an odd-job life. The pay of ninety-five percent of the workers is the security wage—$79 in the District of Columbia and $93.50 in New York City. Some Manhattan workers get as much as $103.50. The lowest of the scales is $50, paid to some writers in the Southeast. The five percent who legally can collect more than the security wage are mostly administrators, who are hired for a salary nearer that which is usual in private industry.

Map division, Pennsylvania FWP

The authors include reporters, pulp writers, children's writers, copy writers, novelists, poets, dramatists, radio script men—every kind of articulate typewriter-operator in the catalogue. Four F. W. P. writers have won Guggenheim Fellowships, one of them has written a prize novel, and many of them have appeared in the magazines during their tenure on the Project, for which they work thirty-nine hours a week. Fifty of the authors contributed work done in off hours to the anthology "American Stuff." The *New Masses* and the *New Republic* have devoted special sections to work by the Project writers. The little magazine *Direction* gave a whole issue of 140 pages to them. All of *Poetry's* July issue is devoted to the Project's best poets. Harper's recently published a book by Richard Wright, whose entry in a contest open to any W. P. A. worker won two votes from a three-man jury—Lewis Gannett and Harry Scherman, with Sinclair Lewis dissenting.

In thirty-three months the Alsberg troupe has overseen the publication of 130 volumes, booklets, and pamphlets, aggregating 10,000,000 printed words, and spent $12,000,000. Because of the tremendous research involved in the program of the project, few books were produced in the first year and a half of its existence. Now that the guidebooks are nearly completed, the presses are loaded with FWP manuscripts. By the end of the year most of the state guides will be published, adding ten million more words to FWP wordage. Numerous local guides and miscellaneous books will increase that by five more million words. It is expected that by 1939 FWP books will aggregate nearly 25,000,000 words. The cost is continually declining, and most of the money already allotted to the Project will pay for forthcoming books.

The Project's first major work appeared in December, 1936. It was "Idaho, a Guide in Word and Picture." The Caxton Printers in Caldwell, Idaho, published it. It contained 431 pages, 130 photographs, and eleven maps. It was a fair key to the other guides the Project would foster—guides unlike any written here before. It offered information about Idaho in the form of literary essays. It listed hotels, restaurants, the usual places of interest. It also studied the anthropology, the geology, the geography, the biology, and the zoölogy of the area which makes up Idaho. It not only listed roads and trails, but it described almost foot by foot the countryside along the roads and trails. Two-thirds of the book was given to an outline of tours. It debunked the wild frontier idea about Idaho. It told why dogs ride free through Idaho on the Union Pacific, it told why the lava looks black



Henry G. Alsberg

on the Craters of the Moon mountain, and it explained the meaning of society in Idaho. It was designed to be a three-dimensional photograph of a community instead of a compendium of the usual dope handed to the tourist.

Three months after the Idaho guide appeared, a messenger from the W. P. A. one day staggered into the White House with a copy of "Washington: City and Capital" for the President. As a guidebook with some valid literary pretensions, this work has received considerable praise; but few except a Samson would call it a guidebook of any practical value.

When the F. W. P. masterminds hefted their second opus, they first frowned and then made the resolve to which they owe the widespread awareness of their work. They decided to abandon the Government Printing Office, which had botched the publishing job by using a coated paper for what was supposed to be a handy volume, even if it did contain 400,000 words, and let out the books to private publishers, who, they were sure, could do the job more cheaply and faster. Besides, a nationally-known, private publisher could give the Project the benefit of his distribution media.

The only trouble was that the law to which the F. W. P. owed its being allowed no expenditures for private printing, but Alsberg already had evolved a scheme of sponsorship which had permitted publication of the Idaho guide and a pamphlet, "Three Hikes thru Wissahickon," by institutions out to make a profit. "Washington: City and Capital" drove him to embrace the sponsor plan altogether. To qualify a sponsor must be a state official, a non-profit organization, or a tax-supported group. The sponsor accepts responsibility for the publication of FWP books and makes arrangements with publishers. Sometimes he can persuade a publisher to assume complete financial responsibility for a book; other times,

(Continued on page 18)

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In Defense of Thrift

BRASS TACKS. By A. G. Keller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

PROFESSOR ALBERT GALLOWAY KELLER, who carries on the tradition of William Graham Sumner in teaching the so-called "science of society," is one of the great things at Yale. Gruff, ursine, sardonic in his humor, and conservative as a clam in his economics, he has absolutely no sympathy with the school of teaching that aspires to awaken the "creative" instinct in young men. His attitude is, "I don't want them to tell me; I want to tell them." And he tells them with a vengeance. His little book on the problems of contemporary society, which bears the characteristic Kellerian title of "Brass Tacks," is an extension of his class-room attitude.

In some respects it is a very good book. The general principles laid down in it are sound, although they will be dismissed in some quarters as moss-back stuff. It is with the application of the principles that I disagree; Professor Keller applies his "laws" in some arbitrary and fantastic ways. He is all for the enduring virtues, such as the family, the home, the storing up of capital, the balancing of liberty and discipline. He is for the profit-motive for a simple reason: men will work for themselves and their families, but care very little about working for such amorphous things as the "commonweal," or posterity, or the comfort of bureaucrats in cities miles away. All of this makes good, conservative sense. But after establishing his principles, Professor Keller takes a strange leap into the world of contemporary economics and begins prescribing for a patient without diagnosing the disease.

Professor Keller is for "thrift." That puts him against the New Deal, which he regards as so much moonshine. But the New Deal has created the SEC, which is designed to prevent stock gamblers and thimbleriggers from running off with the people's savings. Does Professor Keller give the SEC a tumble? He does not. Instead, he skips blithely on to defend private property against the tax-eating "shovel-leaners." Well and good. But who are the "shovel-leaners"? They are mostly people who can't get a productive stake in society for the simple reason that they are not wanted in industry or the service trades and have no money with which to purchase land. Would Professor Keller allow them to stew in their own juices until desperation sends them lunging frantically against all property-owners, as has happened more than once in the history of the world? Professor Keller hates WPA. But enlightened selfishness would regard WPA as insurance against revolution. Since I am a Yankee in spite of myself, I have no objection to the Kellerian defense of "property" and "thrift." But it seems to me that the way to defend property and promote thrift is to create an economy that will give all people a reasonable chance to acquire and to save. That should not be so difficult; certain European countries—notably Sweden, Denmark, and Czechoslovakia—have shown us the way. But Professor Keller, I fear, would regard such things as the Swedish "managed" currency and state-owned "natural" monopolies, or the Danish marketing coöperatives, or the Czech Land Distribution Act of 1919, as "radical" and "unsound." As a matter of fact, they are profoundly conservative in effect: they enable people to save their earnings and get a productive foothold inside the capitalist system.

A. G. Keller: drawn by his son, Deane Keller

Professor Keller draws most of his instances from a study of primitive societies. He seems unaware of the great paradoxes of the modern age. It is one thing to be for thrift and the creation of capital goods in an era of scarcity. But it makes little sense to build up your automobile plant to a point where it can produce 6,000,000 cars a year when the market can't even absorb 4,000,000. Professor Keller dislikes extravagance—or over-spending. He has never bothered about over-saving. But over-saving can also be a menace to the stability of society. What would Professor Keller think of a primitive tribe that spent all its time making boats and fish-hooks and never got around to fishing? He would regard that tribe as crazy. Yet he doesn't think it crazy of modern man to produce capital goods when the capital goods which we already have are going rusty for lack of use. He doesn't see that New Deal taxation and spending is one way of forcing the tribe to get into the boats and go out after some fish.

Several years ago David Cushman Coyle wrote a little book which also bears the title of "Brass Tacks." Unlike Professor Keller, Mr. Coyle distinguishes between the facts and the fictions of free trade, property, saving, and spending. He applies Professor Keller's conservative principles. But I am afraid that Professor Keller would never recognize the application. My fear may be groundless. But just to make certain I wish *The Saturday Review of Literature* would urge Professor Keller to do an extended review of Mr. Coyle's "Brass Tacks." I would like to see what a pioneer realist in the social sciences makes of a realist in modern economics. The result should be interesting.

Woman on the Force

MY DOUBLE LIFE, The Story of a New York Policewoman. By Mary Sullivan. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by MEYER BERGER

COPS are apt to acquire an outer crust hard enough to chip with a geologist's hammer, but Mary Sullivan, after twenty-eight years on the job, retains a feminine touch, which is good for her book—and for the reader. She sticks to a woman's peculiar viewpoint in her tales about ladies of the town, shoplifters, drug addicts, blowzy female topers, foundlings, and murderers.

The best of her police stories are the accounts of her assignments in the case of the Four Gunmen who murdered the Gambler Rosenthal, and her handling of the weird character whom she calls Mabel Langstreete. Through baby-faced Mabel she solved a cruel axe and torch murder that sent Mabel's boy friend to the electric chair. This earned for Mrs. Sullivan one of the highest awards in the department, the Honor Legion citation.

Throughout the book the author describes in detail the costumes she wore. Another feminine touch comes when she relates how she sacrificed a new hair wave in Harlem Prison where she was set to watch a woman murderer. She got the evidence, a cast of the suspect's teeth that matched the bite mark found on the corpse in the case. Five years in Harlem, where Policewoman Sullivan carried on against white slavers and bawdy-house owners, are boiled down into two exciting chapters.

The book lets down a bit in the chapter on narcotics. Here Policewoman Sullivan just scoops up all the stale legends about drugs and drug-users and serves them up cold, like boarding-house hash. The portion on marihuana is chock-full of misinformation. She comes to surer ground when she writes about gypsy fortune tellers, fake matrimonial bureaus, missing girls, dance halls, and "strange people," which is her name for sex perverts who turn up at movie matinees and in crowded subway trains. The book seems to offer a new vehicle for Hollywood. There is ample material for something like, say, "Thin Woman."

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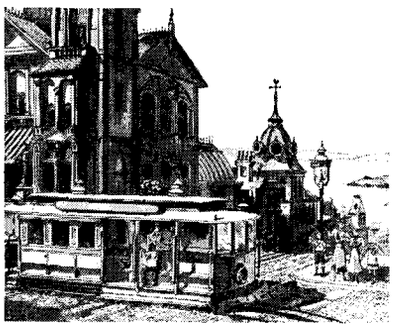
Growing Up in San Francisco

WE LIVED AS CHILDREN. By Kathryn Hulme. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

MOST writers, obliged to include the San Francisco earthquake in a novel, would, I think, have saved it for the climax. Miss Hulme puts it in the first quarter of her book, and lets it produce whatever excitement it is capable of. When the earthquake and the fire are all over, one reads a page tentatively, then another, finally discovering that the earthquake was a minor affair and that what really matters is Miss Hulme's characters—a little boy and his two sisters, who go through the catastrophe unharmed and only a little bewildered by most of it. The little boy has bangs, and a habit of keeping things to himself. One of the little girls is a coquette; the other bites her fingernails and sees, with a poet's eye, absolutely everything that goes on about her. Taken together, the three of them are quite enough to keep any book going.



"Living for children must be largely a matter of excitement. . . ." (Jacket design of "We Lived as Children.")

Living, for children, must be largely a matter of excitement, of changing trains as frequently as possible. Excitement is a thing they recognize immediately and respond to wholeheartedly. They can get drunk on it, and sick from it. But the absence of excitement is probably the worst fate that they can imagine for themselves. It was too bad, of course, that Buzz and Jen and Tom did not have an ordinary home life; that their aristocratic, unstable father could not, or would not, live with their adorable mother. But so far as the children were concerned, his daily absence was, in the long period of their growing up, almost compensated by his sudden astonishing returns, and by his voice, his clothes, his expensive gifts, his mysterious affairs with women. He was always, and had been ever since they could remember, a kind of fever running in the veins of all of them, giving their lives an individual shape.

"We Lived as Children" is an entertaining book, full of variety and unexpected humor. It has no particular form except the passing of time, and nothing to give it special interest except, in a quick succession, rattlesnake-killing, sentiment, analysis, and poetry. I don't know what more you could reasonably ask.

William Maxwell is the author of "They Came Like Swallows."

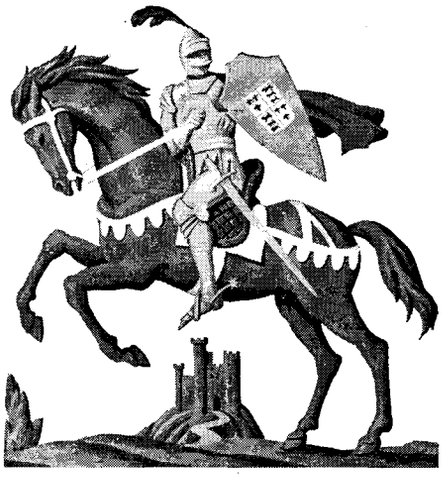
Looking for Life

REQUIEM FOR IDOLS. By Norah Lofts. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

MISS LOFTS has written a brisk, unlikely, turgid little novel built around the too-seldom recognized fact that going back to the scenes of your childhood is no sure way to get rid of your hard-bitten maturity. Eighteen years before the story opens, Polly, the youngest of the three Field girls, went away from Pedlar's Green in Suffolk, a tear-stained orphan of fourteen. It is she who tells the story of buying back the house, fitting it up, moving into it with her dogs, expecting peace and getting instead three women guests and four tragedies. One guest is Dahlia, Polly's musical collaborator, a beautiful quadroon with a sad heart and a lost singing voice. The other two are Polly's older sisters; Pen, who is a social worker, and Megan, the wife of a colonist in Kenya. Pen has a scarred face and a sour, compassionate heart. Megan has been very pretty, and is just beginning to feel the creeping panic of middle age.

They are an outspoken lot, given to oaths, direct intellectual and biological conversation, and emancipation in its less intellectual phases. At the end of three days they have all rushed off to look for life again, leaving the reader convinced that they will find it, and certain that when they do they won't like it. The book is no literary masterpiece, but Norah Lofts doesn't mean it to be. She is one minor English novelist who sets out to entertain and does not see the world through rose-colored glasses, shaded by a Georgian parasol. Her characters are a little shoddy, and her episodes a little forced. But a great many women will find "Requiem for Idols" as good a way as any to pass a summer afternoon.



"I am one of those who will let nothing stand between me and what I see clearly ought to be done." (From the jacket of "Under the Hog.")

Crooked Dick

UNDER THE HOG. By Patrick Carleton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS outstanding historical novel—with an almost unbelievably bad title taken from some "budge verse" of the late fifteenth century—is as complete a vindication of the anathematized Richard III of England as could be imagined. But the striking portraits of the small, white-faced king, who has gone down in history as the Herod who did away with "the Princes in the Tower"; of the glamorous but weak Edward IV himself, the "Rose of Rouen"; of the third sottish brother, George Duke of Clarence; these and others are done in their habit as they must have lived.

Mr. Carleton shows complete command of all the details of the era of the Wars of the Roses. The novel opens when this thirty years' period of civil war in England is just half over. Its course runs from 1470 to 1485. The battles run from Barnet to Bosworth Field and the unexpected turn of fortune that brought in the despised House of Tudor, or Tydder—emphasizing by implication the strangeness of its later triumphs under Henry VIII and Elizabeth—for at the end of this novel we hear King Richard saying to his troops: "If a Welshman and a bastard sat on the English throne of the Plantagenets, can you imagine anything so monstrous or unnatural that it might not follow from it? Old England itself would crumble." Incidentally the description in the second chapter of the battle of Barnet, as seen through the eyes of a simple yokel in the ranks, has the remarkable quality of an actual eye-witness account, and is one of the best battle descriptions we have ever read.

This novel is in seven very long chapters,

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each of which contains many different scenes. Richard, as Duke of Gloucester, as boy-warrior, as Lord Protector, and last as King, is made an admirably honest character. What he tells his beloved Anne Neville of himself is this: "I am one of those who will let nothing stand between me and what I see clearly ought to be done"; and what, in his agony, he tells his friend Lord Lovel in the end is: "There would have been another rising in favour of those Wydvylle bastards in the Tower. I knew that; and I remembered something that had been told me that Edward said before he died. His conscience troubled him because he had corrupted everything he touched. He said in the end that it would be the less loss if they died than if there were a fresh war on their account. I am assured of those words. So I killed them." One hears also the words of Sir Richard Ratcliffe before Bosworth, "They'll say he was a man with no blood in him, nothing of what you'd call humanity, a cold man that went his own road. . . . Aye, but the devil fly off with it, they'll be wrong."

Mr. Carleton is at historical pains to show us why the future chroniclers of Richard were wrong. But far more than this, he is an expert in the mechanics of the historical novel, the handling of mass effects and of small brilliant groupings. And he can breathe life into his courtiers, queens, and men in armor quite as admirably as could the late Maurice Hewlett; he can make them talk and act convincingly as they must have talked and acted. His writing hardly ever wavers from a high precise standard. Sometimes his phrases seem almost inspired.

It is impossible in this space to indicate from how many social camera-angles his scenes are shot. But the whole era, both in England and in France, comes sharply into focus. Surely here is the emergence of a notable historical novelist, a writer with historical as well as artistic integrity, a dramatist both objective and psychological, and a born narrator of exciting story.

A Conference with the C.I.O. Leader

SIT DOWN WITH JOHN L. LEWIS. By C. L. Sulzberger. New York: Random House. 1938. $1.50.

Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS

UNDERNEATH the apparent slightness of this anecdotal and impressionistic little book about the much discussed leader of the C.I.O. are a number of important contributions to recent labor history. Mr. Sulzberger's versions of these various incidents are probably at least approximately accurate, since he "covered" Mr. Lewis for the United Press during the crucial period of December, 1935, to February, 1938, and he has obviously had access to a great deal of confidential information.

Thus, the calling off by Lewis of the 1919 coal strike is shown to have been done only after he had reached an agreement with Joseph Tumulty that an arbitration board satisfactory to Lewis would be appointed by President Wilson, which in addition would be secretly pledged in advance to grant a twenty-seven percent wage increase. The celebrated Jacksonville scale of 1924 which fixed miners' wages at $7.50 a day in the face of a declining market is disclosed as not being so much Lewis's idea as that of the coal operators backed up by Herbert Hoover. They argued that a high wage and price level would force about a fifth of the nation's mines to close and squeeze into other industries the approximately 200,000 surplus miners. The plan miscarried since many of the operators closed down their union mines instead and opened non-union ones, while others broke away from the union. The union was nearly wrecked in the process, and Lewis decided that the miners by themselves could not "stabilize" the industry and must instead seek federal action to accomplish this end. This inevitably drove him into political action, although he remained a Republican until 1933.

Mr. Sulzberger also implies, although he does not directly state, that the sit-down strikes in the General Motors plants were not spontaneous acts of the workers but were planned in advance at a prior conference between Lewis and Homer Martin. Incidentally, he also discloses that an attempt to get the auto industry to present a united front against the union was frustrated in January, 1937 by the refusal of Ford to participate. The account of the negotiations between Lewis and Myron Taylor is especially interesting, and is verified by the fact that Mr. Taylor read this section of the proofs and therefore presumably authenticated the story. The conferences between the two began in the fall of 1936 and continued intermittently until agreement was reached in February, 1937. The forces which led to this reversal of policy upon the part of U. S. Steel were many. One was the progress of the organizing drive under Philip Murray together with the success of the General Motors strike. Another factor was that under the Walsh-Healey Act, U. S. Steel was being debarred from producing steel for the naval building program unless it reduced working hours to forty a week. Finally, Mr. Taylor himself and probably some of his directors as well genuinely desired to put the relations between U. S. Steel and its employees upon a more friendly and a more democratic basis.

Mr. Sulzberger also throws light upon the shifting of alliances by asserting that it was pressure from Lewis and Sidney Hillman which forced George Berry to resign as head of Labor's Non-Partisan League. Writing in February of this year, Mr. Sulzberger implies that the President and Mr. Lewis had definitely broken with each other, although it is more than doubtful whether this is now the case, in view of the President's relief program and his victory in the case of the Wages and Hours Act. The author also forecasts a renewal of the former feud between Lewis and John Brophy, the present executive head of the C.I.O.

Finally, it is much to be hoped that Mr. Lewis will reconsider a policy upon which Mr. Sulzberger represents him as being determined. This is to use the strength of labor to maintain the prices of goods produced by manufacturers who have contracts with the C.I.O. This is done to maintain the wage rates of those who continue to be employed, but in the face of the decreases in demand which a depression inevitably brings, such a program would seem, despite Mr. Keynes's argument, to decrease still further the quantities demanded, and hence increase unemployment. All in all, Mr. Sulzberger has given us an able account of one of the most powerful figures in American life and his story should dispel some of the false ideas which have developed concerning Mr. Lewis.

John Brophy, Homer Martin, and John L. Lewis confer on strategy during the General Motors strike. (From "Sit Down with John L. Lewis.")

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Counter-Offensive

THAT you can't beat somebody with nobody is a maxim of politics, generally if not always true; and as Hitler pointed out years ago, it is equally valid in the field of ideas. An idea, he wrote, can be not only beaten but stamped out—but only by the devotees of another idea; not by a government, or a class, which has no higher ambition than to hold its job. The European democracies long ignored this advice from the enemy; against the fascist offensive, on the ideological as on the political-military front, they offered only passive resistance; and even that half-heartedly, as if democracy were no more than an inherited idiosyncrasy for which no better excuse could be offered than the force of habit.

But lately the Czechs proved that fascist aggression can be more effectively resisted standing up than lying down; and now comes Thomas Mann, himself a Czechoslovak citizen, with the first blast of the ideological counter-offensive. His lecture, "The Coming Victory of Democracy," delivered all over the United States this spring, has been published by Knopf. It takes up only sixty-seven pages, you can buy it for a dollar, and it is the most important book of the year. Not merely because it is the most blistering indictment ever drawn of German fascism (with a few sideswipes at the practices of communism as distinct from its professions), but because it gives to believers in democracy the reasoned groundwork of the faith once delivered to the fathers—reasons that the fathers understood, even if many of their descendants have forgotten them.

The nature of democracy Mann analyzes with German thoroughness, and with a lucidity that even Germans (Hitler, for instance) can manage when they feel strongly enough. Democracy is "that form of government and society which is inspired above every other with the feeling and consciousness of the dignity of man." It is also, unfortunately, that habit of mind which, because it is skeptical, because it believes in looking at the facts, is keenly aware of man's shortcomings; and that awareness has gone far to paralyze democracy. But the concept of original sin is more than mere "priestly trickery"; it is a recognition that man has a better as well as a worse side and keeps on trying, however inadequately, to realize it. The totalitarians, substituting "optimistic heroics" for original sin, have ignored the spiritual conscience; they degrade and corrupt humanity to make it plastic. Democracy, seeing how bad man often is, tries to educate him, to make him better, to end the old divorce between the thought and the deed no less than to fight the new gospel that insists on action and damns thinking as treason. Bergson gave democracy its slogan when he said, "Act as men of thought, think as men of action."

Yet in these times it takes faith to speak of the coming victory of democracy; as Dr. Mann himself concedes in his allusions to "the present dark age of Europe, the cultural fatigue and inclination to barbarism prevalent in the Old World." It is a dangerous mistake to believe that compromise with fascism is possible, that concessions will do any good; the two systems "live in different epochs." Democracy can win only if it utilizes "all its innate resources of vitality and reinvigoration," resources not possessed by the authoritarian creeds which, professing to declare the complete and final truth, have no room for experiment and reform. (Two of the three have actually, of course, made reforms in practice, though insisting that there has been no tampering with unalterable dogma.) Democracy needs both spiritual and economic amendment. "A freedom which through sheer goodness and humane skepticism no longer believes in itself will be irrevocably lost. What is needed is a humanity strong in will and firm in the determination to preserve itself."

Economically as well as spiritually democracy must discipline itself, must get rid of its plutocratic aspects, must "continue to develop the bourgeois revolution not only politically but also economically." You call this radicalism? It is conservatism, says Mann; it saves the essence of what we have and are from fascism and Bolshevism; "the social renewal of democracy will create a national unity which will prove itself far superior to the tissue of falsehoods which fascism calls by that name."

This obviously is the democracy of Roosevelt, of Léon Blum, above all of Masaryk (Mann names all three), not of Laval or Chamberlain or Bert Snell; and some people who call themselves democrats (with the large or the small d) prefer fossilized to dynamic democracy. Here in this country, says Mann, it will be possible to carry out the needed reforms peacefully, "without crime or bloodshed"; and he adumbrates a fear that only here will it be possible. Yet even here the issue is confused, not merely by the errors and human frailties of the reformers (the "elimination committee" seems a rather curious weapon for the defense of democracy), but by the feeling of many worthy persons that while we should by all means keep an open mind, nothing should ever be done about it; that reform is theoretically admirable but never practically desirable; that at the very least it ought to be done by somebody else, in some other way, at some more convenient (and naturally later) time. Dr. Mann appears to have little sympathy with this point of view; to him the essence of democracy is its "unlimited power of self-renewal," the capacity to test and reject and improve, to act as well as to theorize, to keep on trying for the better even while recognizing the perpetual hazard of slipping back into the worse. You could summarize him in a phrase—democracy means faith in humanity, a faith that may fall short of certainty but is not devoid of plausible hope.

The counter-offensive has only begun, and no one can be sure of the outcome. But here at last is a man who has given us something we can fight for.

ELMER DAVIS.

James Weldon Johnson

THE tragic accident which snatched away James Weldon Johnson while his usefulness was still at its height deprived the Negro race of one of its outstanding representatives and literature of an author who made a distinctive contribution to it. A man of versatile abilities, Mr. Johnson attained recognition in various fields. For some years principal of a Negro high school in his native town of Jacksonville, he left the profession of teaching to enter the law and was the first man of his race to be admitted to the Florida bar after the Civil War. As consul to Venezuela, and later to Nicaragua, he lent distinction to a post for which his knowledge of Spanish peculiarly fitted him and where his dignity, culture, and diligence won him the friendship of black and white alike. But it was as the author of an autobiography which poignantly depicted the incidence of prejudice upon the colored man and the reactions of a Negro of high standing to it, as writer of the lyrics for an operetta composed by his brother, Rosamond Johnson, as an authority on American jazz, and as poet and author of "God's Trombones," Negro sermons in verse, that he won the high reputation that was his. The cause of his race always enlisted his efforts, and not the least of his public services was his long secretaryship of the Association for the Advancement of the Colored People. His last book, "Negro Americans, What Now?" was a lucid inquiry into their aspirations and relationships to the community. In his death a vital and well-respected personality passed.

A. L.

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Letters to the Editor: *"American Stuff" and Commercial Writing*

Mr. Rosenberg Protests

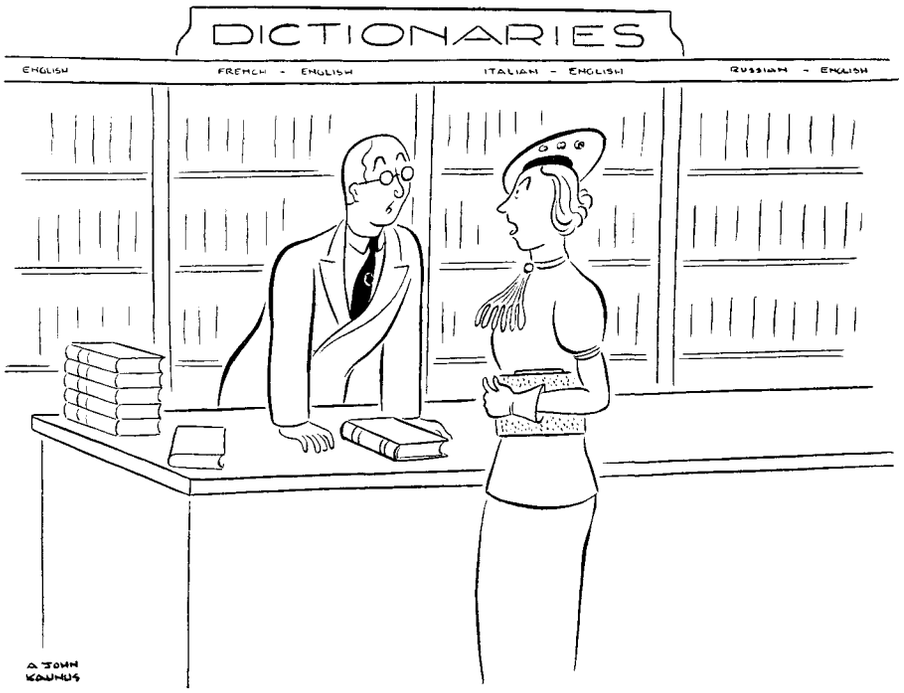
SIR:—Out of courtesy to the profession, it is customary to allow reviewers to get away with little things. The case of Mr. William Sloane's review (*Sat. Review*, June 25) of the "American Stuff" issue of *Direction*, devoted to work of Federal Writers' Project members, involves, however, a total misrepresentation of the literary products of a large-scale cultural group in America.

My editorial for "American Stuff," "Literature without Money," took pains to point out, with numerous examples, that the term "little magazine" described an economic rather than an esthetic category of publication. Certain forms of writing—poetry, criticism, theory—rarely earn money. Yet these have constituted no small part of America's literary glory during the past twenty years. The novel, short story, play, have been more profitable on occasion, but their artistic development has been influenced by poetry and criticism. Literature being in this sense indivisible, the patronage of non-self-supporting writings by the "little magazines" has played an important role in American letters.

Instead of taking up this problem according to his capacities, Mr. Sloane chose to quote a "formidable sentence" from my statement, which he then graciously simplified into the question-begging truism that money-making writing alone is published by money makers. He found it "fortunate" that "commercial editors publish only the kind of thing *they think their readers will read.*" Truly, to arrive at this conclusion no formidable thought or language is needed.

Mr. Sloane is satisfied that "literature" (his quotes) will be taken care of in this transaction between "commercial editors" and "*their* readers." I tried to show that the independent action of writers has had much to do with altering the tastes of both editors and readers.

As to the contents of "American Stuff," Mr. Sloane was aware, in advance, what a "little magazine" would offer—the "loneliness, confusion, search . . . youth," etc., of the solitary author writing to please himself with never a thought of his audience. Obviously, the following contributions to "American Stuff" brought their authors to the extreme of amateur self-gratification: 1. "Fordjob," an objective study of work processes in the Ford plant; 2. "Homestead Days," an account of home-building in Montana; 3. "Slaves," ex-slave interviews with FWP field workers; 4. "The Distinguishing Characteristics of Yiddish Literature," an analytical historical survey of the subject by a noted critic in that language; 5. "Phrases of the People," examples of folk-sayings caught on the wing by project field workers; 6. "Bowhead Pete," by the author of "Cape Cod Pilot" and "Bowleg Bill," humorous successes; 7. "When the Bough Breaks," the only piece liked by Sloane for "communicating its theme"; 8. The "Library," a study of types; etc.



"Ith thith dicthionary thelf-pronounthing?"

The titles mentioned are among the major items of "American Stuff." Yet one must suppose that reviewers like Mr. Sloane, to whom apparently "social" is synonymous with "money-making," will continue for a long time to regard non-commercial publication as *ipso facto* a sign of Ivory Tower and Frustration.

HAROLD ROSENBERG
Editor, "American Stuff" issue of *Direction*.
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Sloane Replies

SIR:—Mr. Rosenberg's letter is longer than the review which evoked it. Incidentally, my piece was not, as he implies, a review only of "American Stuff," but of that book and another, taken and treated together.

That what I said in it "totally misrepresented" the American volume I cannot concede. The extensive listing of individual contributions which Mr. Rosenberg makes in his letter was not possible in the compass of a short review. Since the whole of "American Stuff" occupies, minus supplementary material, only some 115 pages of large type, his listing indicates the physical slightness of most of the contributions.

Beyond remarking that I was careful to say *many* "little magazines," and not *all*, as my critic implies, and that he is quite mistaken in his flat statement that I knew "in advance" what I should find in the book, there is no point in pursuing the differences between us. They are matters of critical opinion upon which whole tons of type metal have already been expended. Neither do I regard non-commercial publication as a sign of "frustration"; often it seems to me a result of a simple lack of literary effectiveness. As William Chenery said in a recent issue of this magazine, "The business of the story writer is to interest, and interest is the result of artistic achievement. . . . Stories are not good because they are unpopular, nor bad because they interest millions." There is a kernel of truth in that for all non-technical writers.

WILLIAM SLOANE.
New York City.

British Novels

SIR:—In "Lament for the British Novel," both you and Miss Jameson have forgotten one contemporary British novelist who does have vitality and who *has* "re-established the individual"—Miss Jameson herself. Also, I think a word should be said for G. B. Stern in her happier and more matriarchal moments. And the late Winifred Holtby, though, alas, she is no longer a contemporary, proved in two novels—"Mandoa! Mandoa!" and "South Riding"—that she had the makings of a very good novelist indeed. Perhaps it is significant that all these exceptions are women: is it another proof of what the World War cost?

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.
San Francisco, Cal.

(We did not forget Miss Jameson's novels, which have many admirable qualities, including vitality, but which have not, in our opinion, succeeded in significant character portrayal. A sentence in the first draft of the editorial, omitted for reasons of space, referred to G. B. Stern's "Matriarch" series as exceptional, but pointed out that she has done no comparable work since. We agree with our correspondent about Winifred Holtby, and we think her point about the war is well taken.—Ed.)

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BOOK PREVIEW

With Malice toward Some

BY MARGARET HALSEY

This week *The Saturday Review* presents four excerpts from "With Malice toward Some," the travel diary of Margaret Halsey, who spent a year abroad—mostly in England—with her husband, while he was on an exchange professorship at Exeter.

"There was not, in the whole company, a single person we knew . . ." (Drawings on pages 10 and 11 by Peggy Bacon, from "With Malice toward Some.")

Exeter, June 8th

TODAY Henry and I and some of the faculty from the college lunched at an Exeter restaurant. It was a bad lunch, half cold and wholly watery, and in order to keep body and soul together, I asked for a glass of milk. The waitress was staggered.

"Milk?" she said incredulously.

"Why, yes," I replied, almost equally incredulously. "A glass of milk."

She wheeled off in the direction of the kitchen. In three minutes she was back again.

"Please," she asked, "do you want this milk hot or cold?"

I blinked a little and said I wanted it cold. The Englishmen who were with us looked amused. "You Americans," one of them said, with a spacious tolerance. We resumed our conversation, and in a short space the waitress made a third appearance. She had a hounded expression.

"Do you," she inquired desperately, "want this milk in a cup or a glass?"

"Just roll it up in a napkin," I answered thoughtlessly, and then was sorry, seeing how embarrassed and confused she was. I started to make amends, but she suddenly bolted and I never saw her again. Another waitress came to take the dessert order and the milk project was tacitly abandoned.

Stratford, July 2nd

Anne Hathaway's cottage and Mary Arden's cottage are sufficiently beautiful, with their brilliant gardens, to soften the most obdurate foe of quaintness. But like all the other high spots in Stratford, they have been provided with postcard stands and with neat custodians whose easy, mechanical Poet-worship had me looking sharply to see if they were plugged into the wall. All of Stratford, in fact, suggests powdered history—add hot water and stir and you have a delicious, nourishing Shakespeare. The inhabitants of the town occupy themselves with painting SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY around the rims of moustache cups for the tourist trade; the wide, cement-paved main street is fringed with literary hot dog stands; and in the narrow lanes adjoining, wrinkled little beldames of Tudor houses wearily serve out their time as tea rooms.

It costs a shilling to cross any doorstep in Stratford, and once inside, the visitor finds himself on the very spot where Shakespeare signed his will or wrote "The Tempest" or did something or other which makes it necessary to charge an additional sixpence for the extra sanctity involved. Through all the shrines surge English and American tourists, either people who have read too much Shakespeare at the expense of good, healthy detective stories or people who have never read him at all and hope to get the same results by bumping their heads on low beams. Both categories try heroically to appear deeply moved, an effort which gives their faces a draped look. Were it not for the countryside round about, I would not stay an hour in Stratford—I keep expecting that somebody all dressed up as the immortal bard will come rushing out with a jingle of bells and a jovial shout, and I will have to confess apologetically that I am a big girl now and too old to believe in Shakespeare.

July 9th

It would never occur to the English to coin a phrase like "service with a smile." They cannot imagine any other kind. But though the country reeks with graceful good-nature, the smile is often rather better than the service. A traveler in England has to fight his way through crowds of sunny menials who are everlastingly whisking his shoes off and carting them away to be polished. When the shoes come back, however, they are not polished at all, only smeared amateurishly with paste. Since I have been in England, it has come home to me like a bullet how incorrigibly American I am. It has come home like another bullet that, taken all in all, I am glad of it. I admire profoundly the English sense of leisure and indifference to the passing of time, but one can hardly help seeing that the reason the English have more time is because they do things less thoroughly. They always stop before they have finished the job.

A good many jobs, I suppose, stand in no essential need of finishing. It is not a law of nature that shoes should be shiny or that, provided it works properly, a toilet should refrain from looking as if it had been whittled out of the village stocks. And yet it seems to me the English pay dearly for their repose in slovenliness, discomfort and incuriosity. My fantastic countrymen work themselves into tatters trying to establish havens of hundred-percentness in a universe geared to incompletion. The English, taking the opposite tack, eschew the temptations of achievement and symmetry and lie quietly down to let the universe roll over them. It frees the juices, I am bound to admit, but it leaves the poor Britons considerably mashed.

London, July 15th

A publisher who was in Oxford with Henry asked us to a party he was giving last night, so we had our evening clothes pressed and set off feeling rather gay and anticipatory. It was not a mood, however, destined to last very long. Our host greeted us affably and told us where to leave our wraps. When we came back from leaving them, he escorted us to the doorway of a large room and then, just as I was ponderously framing a sentence about how kind it had been of him to invite us, he vanished. He just

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wasn't there any more. I blinked, and Henry said, "Remind me to ask him how he does that."

Left to our own devices, we decided the best thing to do was to assume an aspect of composure and make a little voyage of exploration. There were three large rooms, tall and handsome and furnished in the gravely comfortable, tempered-eighteenth-century manner at which the English are peculiarly adept. The rooms were filled with well-fed, well-washed, well-groomed men and with a quantity of women rather better dressed than the matrons of Exeter, but still looking as if they had all changed clothes with each other, just for a lark. As was to be expected, there was not, in the whole company, a single person we knew.

We finished our tour and stood in a corner of one of the rooms, feeling sad and disillusioned and as superfluous as lovers' knots on a locomotive. People were distributed around in little clusters and in big clusters, all talking gaily and all apparently very well known to each other. Our host was nowhere in sight.

"What do we do now?" I asked.

Henry smiled sorrowfully.

"Have you anything white," he said, "that we could run up on a pole?"

One of the other guests came towards us carrying, rather unskillfully, three drinks. I involuntarily smiled a little, for the drinks were spilling over on to his wrist and, judging from the expression on his face, running up his sleeve. But when he glanced up and saw me smiling, he gave me a look of pitying disapproval which would have been more appropriate had I been soliciting him on the street, and went gravely on his way.

I looked around again at those cohesive groups of men and women. It occurred to me that perhaps we were supposed to take the initiative and go up and talk to people. But nobody seemed to be roaming around at large, and forcing a way into one of those tight little clusters appeared about as practicable as approaching the Archbishop of Canterbury and asking him if he were doing anything tonight.

Man-hunts, when I read about them in the paper, always distress me acutely on behalf of the poor fugitive, but the ensuing two hours made me think that possibly his position is not altogether unenviable. We sat on a sofa and had a cigarette. A man came past and stepped on my foot and said, "I beg your pardon." We went and stood in front of a fireplace. Another man, tall and middle-aged and with a kindly face, approached us and asked diffidently if we were the Americans. Just as Henry opened his mouth to reply, a woman screamed, "Hilary, *darling!*" in a voice like the upper registers of a wind machine and the middle-aged man excused himself and went away.

We sat on the sofa and smoked. We stood in front of the fireplace and smoked. We walked through all the rooms again. Then Henry pointed out that as there were drinks in evidence, there must be some place to get them. After a little reconnoitering, we discovered a small room off on one side, empty except for a man with a white coat and a face like the outside of a refrigerator. He silently gave us champagne cocktails, which we as silently drank. Then he silently gave us another cocktail, which we also drank in silence, and then we went back to the fireplace.

It began to seem to me that people were looking at us curiously. We walked through all the rooms a third time and coming upon a bookcase, inspected some of the titles. They were mostly about birds and gardening. "If we had the guts of an ant," I said to Henry, indicating the books, "we'd find some conspicuous chairs and

"The English eschew the temptations of achievement. . . ."

curl up with a couple of those." Instead, we returned to the sofa.

Suddenly we noticed our host approaching us. I was glad to see him in the flesh and to realize that he had not, after all, been yanked off by imperative wraiths who had decided to add a note of class and tone and Oxford breeding to a spirit world. But my heart sank when I saw from his unslackened pace that he was merely on his way to somewhere else. He asked us urgently if we had found out where the drinks were, but was out of earshot before there was time to answer.

We sank back on the sofa. I tied knots in my handkerchief and then carefully untied them and Henry turned a package of matches over and over in his fingers.

"Let's play Beaver," I said.

"Can't," replied Henry gloomily. "Nothing but moustaches."

I relapsed into silence again. "I'll give somebody," I decided to myself, "fourteen more knots to come up and speak to us." So I tied fourteen more knots, taking care not to hurry, and then I tied two more, just for good measure. After that, I stood up.

"I'm going," I said equably.

Henry stood up too.

"Might as well," he answered, after a moment's thought. "First thing you know somebody will penetrate our incognito." We found our coats again and met in the hall. This time the other guests really did look at us curiously. Henry murmured something about saying good-bye to the host.

"You can't," I said, pulling my wrap around me. "He changed himself into a Tom Collins and somebody drank him." But Henry waylaid a man who was crossing the hallway and gave him, to his great surprise, an anemic little excuse to be relayed to the publisher. Then we let ourselves out.

Insects and Instincts

LITTLE LIVES. The Story of the World of Insects. By Julie Closson Kenly. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

INSECTS lead the "little lives" referred to in the title, and hexapod existences *are* "little" in the sense that they are passed in small bodies and span but a little time—a summer's short lease, in most cases.

But biologically they loom as mighty shapes. They are portentous and easily the most important and the most successful organisms in any biota, or in the totality of living things in all continents, save perhaps only the bacteria. Their structure is far superior, in survival value, to that of the vertebrates. True, they lack a brain, in the vertebrate sense. But they have no need of such a fallible ganglionic plexus. Instinct replaces intelligence for insects; its percentage of success is quite as good as intelligence with us.

Of such matters writes Mrs. Kenly, and of the marvels of chitin, which is the bricks and mortar of insect structure, and probably the most versatile and marvelous stuff in the world. Of mantis and bumblebee, black widow spiders and tarantulas, longhorn larvæ and the astounding life of the blister beetles, she has wondrous things to say. The insect fauna of North America is at least as interesting as that of Fabre's Provence; often it is far more so. And if she is no Fabre, Mrs. Kenly is a popularizer of science who has fully arrived. She knows how to bury her study and technical equipment under the smooth flesh of her style. Humor is close to the surface—as appropriately it should be in these *scherzi*. And, above each particular incident, she gives us the biological overtone, the intimations of the philosophical generality that distinguish work of an interpreter of science who knows his business.

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Bad News

NEWS OF ENGLAND, OR A COUNTRY WITHOUT A HERO. By Beverley Nichols. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL WILLERT

"I COULD not write 'Cry Havoc' today. It would be like waving a fan in the face of an advancing cloud of poison gas." So Beverley Nichols has written "News of England" to explain what is wrong with England and how stupid was England's one-time support of the League and Disarmament Conference. The League, he quotes Oswald Mosley, "was the restoration of the Devil in the guise of God." Much seems to have happened to Beverley Nichols since he wrote "Cry Havoc," and he has realized many commonplaces which can hardly be called news: that Hitler was made by the Versailles Treaty, the League, and France; that England and France did not handle the Abyssinian question with great skill; etc.

Having made his recantation he turns to England and gives an account of her which will give little encouragement to Anglophiles or Anglophobes; nor do I think it will cause, as he says "Cry Havoc" did, a conflagration which raged "for weeks in the front pages of the American Press." He finds the state of England lamentable and unhappy. He takes a gloomy view of orgies at Oxford, the working class which passes its time in drinking and gambling, the badness of English athletics, the immorality of a society influenced by America and Australia, the Church of England, national apathy, and lack of discipline. All these make him indignant and petulant and are fully discussed with quotations from his favorite authors. But there is still hope for England because she has a "Leader," Oswald Mosley, who "is the only man I know who has in him the qualities of that Hero for whom the country has waited so long and waited in vain."

Beverley Nichols says that he is not a fascist and that he is not prepared to die for Mosley's ideals and I readily believe him, but he is a "Parlor Fascist" who has an emotional thrill out of fascism which has little to do with realities or intellectual conviction. This leads him into self-deception and absurdities, such as judging a nation by athletic records, architecture, and capacity for self-sacrifice. The virility of fascist architecture makes him lyrical: "The architecture was electric with energy. Stark columns thrust themselves up with a power that can only be called phallic." In contrast to this manifestation of strength, Beverley Nichols finds London the ugliest capital in the world and Oxford one of the ugliest towns in the world.

It is not surprising to read that he has written: "As lately as last September I had observed, pouring out of the Synagogue at Nuremberg, an immense congregation of Jews, cheerful and prosperous, who had got into their motor cars (which were so numerous that they were holding up the traffic), and whirled away to their respective homes." After this it is no great consolation to be told that there will be no pogrom when Mosley comes to power.

Few will deny that the evils, which Beverley Nichols believes are destroying England, exist. They have, in various forms, existed for a very long time and their parallels can be found in any democratic and rich country. Most of them are

Beverley Nichols: "He takes a gloomy view of orgies at Oxford. . . ."

trivial and many absurdly exaggerated. His Oxford orgies are ridiculous, and the impression he gives of a working class addicted to drink and gambling equally misleading. But these defects and the uselessness of London society have little to do with England's real problems, which are social, political, and economic. Beverley Nichols's criticisms have no bearing on the Chamberlain Cabinet or the fact that, in spite of enormous armaments, England is running into an economic depression. Beverley Nichols has apparently not read Priestley's "English Journey" or Douglas Reed's "Insanity Fair," which give a depressing and illuminating picture of the social and political conditions of England. He is not interested in the realities of economics and has only a sentimental interest in politics. He does not know England, for he is absorbed in the London of the gossip column, dress designers, and the ballet.

I am not criticizing Mr. Nichols for his regional and esthetic interests, but for the pretentious claims for a book which is chiefly occupied with inessentials and which nowhere tries to get down to facts and realities. In the last sentence of the book Beverley Nichols says that "it was written in a hope that England may once more be worthy of Canning's immortal eulogy, that she may once more become an England who will save herself by her exertions, and Europe by her example." Here, as so often in "News of England," Mr. Nichols's facts are wrong. He is quoting not Canning, but William Pitt.

Between Two Schools

BULLINGER BOUND AND OTHER POEMS. By Leonard Bacon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT has been almost impossible to "place" Mr. Bacon because he himself has never determined what sort of poetry he wanted to write. It seems that, continually leaping from fury to badinage, from burlesque to fantasy, he has fallen between two schools. Although he has attempted both important poetry and pointed light verse, he writes neither; he is not direct and profound enough to be classed with Frost and MacLeish, not sufficiently provocative and dexterous to be ranked with Ogden Nash and Newman Levy. At the best he is semi-Byronic—if anything can be even half-Byronic without Byron's bounce and bite.

Although the present volume is composed of twenty-six unconnected pieces, it seems to be written around two main themes: the things the author likes to remember and those he would like to forget. The first scattered group consists of reminiscent portraits which are a cross between the etchings of Robinson and the epitaphs of Masters without the illumination of the former or the concision of the latter. The second group consists of satires, erudite excoriations, sneers, burlesques, and literary ironies directed against those who "with practice kill Beauty in the name of thought." The objects of Mr. Bacon's attack are recognizable even when they are unnamed, but in the four-hundred line title-poem he names them. In a Skeltonic—or, rather, skeletonic—rattling of dry bones the author inveighs against Auden, Spender, Day Lewis, Hemingway—

> (And futile let us say
> As the voice of Hemingway)

Pound, Eliot, Cocteau, Joyce, Gide—a contemporary catalogue of those who have attempted experiments of almost any kind. The attitude is indefinitely tory, the tone definitely academic. It is a smart pedantry that says the vulture coming back for Bullinger's liver

> Returned with its emphatic
> Rostral development to delights hepatic—

but it is, nevertheless, pedantry floundering, and not, as it purports to be, fanciful. The professor doth profess too much.

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Marigold Garden

An Anthology for Middle Age

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age.
—*The Winter's Tale*, IV, iii, 105

Two Things

TWO things are troublesome to me
And turn my warm blood cold:
The briefness of the dogwood tree,
The knowledge that there still will be
Full moons when I am old.
Then passively I realize
With some surprise
I would not have it otherwise.

* * *

Practise dying, by a little sleep.
—JOHN DONNE.

Every distemper of the body now is complicated with the spleen, and when we were young men we scarce ever heard of the spleen.
—Ibid.; letter to Sir H. Wotton, 1622.

* * *

Mon centre cède, ma droite recule, situation excellente, j'attaque.
—GENERAL FOCH, 1914
(quoted by Liddell Hart).

* * *

Calling Mr. Luck

If you ever for a moment thought life tedious, hurry to the nearest large hotel and read its notice-board of meetings being held. I made a note of what was going on at the Astor that day:—

Catholic Actors' Guild; Newbold Morris Campaign Headquarters; Physicians' Wives' League; Statue of Liberty National Monument Assn.; May B. Johnson Grand Officers' Club; Women's League for Palestine; Lion Presidents & Secretaries Zone 6a; Bergman-Conroe (wedding?)

And while I was considering these fantastic unreported merriments and mythologies, a bellboy coursed about shouting: "Calling Mr. Luck!"
—*Unpublished History of the Year 1936* (Vol. III).

* * *

Nil intemptatum liquere poetae. This does not mean anything to do with liquor; it is Horace's remark that poets have left nothing unattempted. I'm reminded of it by T. S. Eliot's preface to St.-J. Perse's *Anabase*; which he says must be read five or six times before its imaginative coherence begins to cohere.

This does not distress me at all; the point I raise is whether it is correct to call that sort of writing poetry? My own private (or at any rate semi-private) definition of poetry is something which at once, in a very convulsion of occult perceiving, signifies upon the intuitive faculty of the reader. Even John Donne at his most hermetic does that for me.

Of course this a mere prating over terms, which is unimportant, but what fun. What other fun is there left?
—*Memoirs of a Man Who Had No Radio.*

* * *

I travelled on a Monday from Chicago to Richmond, Indiana. At Logansport there was time to walk on the platform and see what was in the baggage car. There were two coffins (occupied), a huge black pig in a crate, and the society, magazine and funny sections of next Sunday's Chicago papers.

I felt there was a Song of Social Significance in this, but I have not analyzed it.

By the way, did you know that all long-distance passenger steamers are compelled by law to carry a supply of coffins? But this is not one of the things they mention in the tourist folders.
—*Letters from a Travelling Man*, Third Series.

* * *

Consult the Auricle

A grizzling Mandarin said to himself
In the height of some social uproar:
"I'm really too old
For this sort of thing."
Saying so seemed to prove
To his own satisfaction
That he wasn't.
But as he lay abed afterward
What he thought was rivetters next door
Was the pounding in his valves
And his valet rang Room Service
To ask for a stethoscope.

* * *

"I don't like it because he does it on purpose."

"People can't help what they do on purpose."
—*Conversations Overheard in a Pullman Car*, Vol. 6.

* * *

Mathematics and Middle Age

I remember in the spring of '36 I had a pleasant conversation with a professor of Ohio State University in which we agreed that someone should write an essay on Mathematics and Middle Age. I forget whether the idea was that middle-aged people are so settled in mind that they can contemplate a realm where reason is paramount; or that they are by then so desperate that they have sought perfection everywhere else.

At about the same time Professor Arnold Dresden (of Swarthmore College) was getting ready to publish his excellent *An Invitation to Mathematics* (Henry Holt, 1936). He makes the fine remark that "the only tariff to be paid is that of concentrated attention." And Professor Lancelot Hogben (of the University of London) was perhaps in hospital cheering himself through the long illness during which he wrote *Mathematics for the Million* (W. W. Norton, 1937). These two books have given the purest excitement to many mature people weary of makeshifts and monkey-business.

I would not suggest that youth or old age are not equally apt for the purest of the mind's pursuits; but perhaps youth is too ambitious and old age too complacent for that recognition of unmitigated absolutes which is the ecstasy of mathematicians.

Or Latin Grammar

Another study unlikely to show itself in its full splendor until the indignations of maturity have corrupted the natural naiveté of man, is Latin Grammar. A contributor in this paper lately quoted a sentiment from Horace's Epistles that gave me the most exquisite pleasure for the suggestive power of its subjunctives. In youth one is likely to think the subjunctive mood only a perplexing nuisance; later, having found it alive and radiant in French, one goes back to the embalmed subjunctives of the Latin texts and finds them as pungent as whiskey sour. Of course it is impossible to translate verbs so dense with meaning except by all sorts of flannelmouthed circumlocution; but a happy evening may be spent in trying.

To be precise, the passage quoted from Horace was:—

Quid voveat dulci nutricula maius alumno
Qui sapere et fari possit quae sentiat.

The most important thing there is the subjunctive *possit;* suggesting the unlikelihood, nay impossibility, of what is hoped. This, to any reader adequately sensitive and sardonic, gives the completion of delight. But a rendering either close or epigrammatic is superlatively difficult. Of half a dozen versions, all unsatisfactory, one went thus:—

What better, for the child ungrown,
Can teachers give to bless it
Than understanding of its own
And power to express it.

But this altogether flunks the grim subtlety of that same subjunctive *possit.* Another competitor in the same task came closer though by resort to slang:—

The little nurse who loves her saps
Can do no more to bless them
Than teach them feelings, and—perhaps—
The power to express them.

Such grotesque self-imposed tasks bring Old Dobbin innocently and painlessly one evening nearer the hay.

* * *

If a saying comes often and unexpectedly into mind, it surely has some meaning and purpose there. No lines give me

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more amiable satisfaction than these from Walter von der Vogelweide, the ancient minnesinger, which a well-loved teacher (Professor F. B. Gummere) had carved on a panel over his hearth:—

ER MINNET IEMER DESTE BAZ
SWER VON MINNEN ETEWAZ
HOERET SINGEN ODER LESEN

(He is the better lover who hears something about love in song or reading.)

* * *

Twenty years ago I wrote something I thought funny; I doubt if I have done so since. I found it in an old scrapbook and reprint it with pride:—

Ritual for the Solemnization of A New Collar in Hot Weather

COLLAR, wilt thou have this man to be thy lawful wearer, to cleave together in the solemn estate of haberdashery? Wilt thou cling to him and adorn him so long as starch holdeth its gloss?

The Collar shall answer, I WILT.

* * *

Delible Ink

"When I was quite young and didn't realize what a nuisance accumulated papers are" (writes D.A.C.) "I collected autographs. Among them was a letter from a very distinguished writer, since dead; as a matter of fact it was Rudyard Kipling. The other day I was going through old filing cases; I found the letter, written 20 years ago, and saw to my surprise that the signature had entirely faded away. The typescript was still clear and distinct, but the actual handwriting had completely vanished.

"Knowing Kipling's dislike of miscellaneous notoriety I couldn't help wondering whether he had deliberately chosen fast-fading ink for his replies to autograph hunters; as a certain humorist is said to do for his income tax returns.

"Then I noticed that a little water-color of which a friend of mine is very fond is also rapidly paling. Do the paint manufacturers also have this all thought out? You will recall that J. M. W. Turner has been much cursed by art critics because the colors of his masterpieces have faded badly.

"What sort of ink were the War Debt contracts signed in, and what should I think about all this?"

The Much Promised Land

BY MAX EASTMAN

GOD promised to his Hebrews Palestine,
A land with milk from other people's kine,
And honey out of others' bee-hives flowing.
Blame not on God the bloody crimes ensuing.
God's father was the wish. He might reply,
To smite those other people hip and thigh.
Nor blame the Hebrews if to oust their rival,
And hack their way to progress and survival,
They made that section holy with the blood
Of entire cities butchered where they stood.
Nor blame the Philistines if they stood fast,
And God looked rather foolish at the last,
Dividing his large-spoken gift in two
Between an armed and bleeding Me and You.
As for the Romans, who can cast a stone?
Their Gods had promised too that they alone
Should drain those regions of their milk and honey,
Or hold at least the ports and coin the money.
The Arabs were still harder to refuse,
For they brought only one God like the Jews,
One God above, but under them two mammals,
Horses for hard, and for soft going camels.
As for dear England, she seems innocent
As God himself in her predicament.
Where Jahveh failed, could Balfour bring to hand
The downright gift of this much promised land?
I should not ask, had I been born a Jew,
That either Lord should see his promise through.
Since blood is on the birth of every nation,
And on its death and on its whole duration,
And crime and hate and horror never lag
Where any unctious crew hang out a flag,
I should be glad to think my own well furled,
Myself a mind, a native of the world.

Among the Babbitts

VILLES ET PAYSAGES D'AMÉRIQUE (États-Unis et Canada). By Jean Canu. Paris: J. D. Gigord. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THIS book in French by the very French professor, Jean Canu, will dispel few of the illusions that his people have held regarding us. Though he has spent some years in this country, he still looks slightly down the Gallic nose. He admits that his purpose was not to examine the soul, but merely the body of America during his journey by car around it, and so his impressions are necessarily superficial. He is a little kinder to us than Georges Duhamel and considerably less excited by us than Paul Morand. He is forever crying "Voire!" or "Hélas!"

New York, to Jean Canu, was without flavor; the many ingredients in the stew of the melting pot seemed to cancel each other out. Our skyscrapers, "parallélipipédiques," were not noteworthy except for their bad ornamentation at base and top, and much of our architecture was unoriginal. Driving up through Boston, which he admired for its old-world charm, he caught a breath of France in southern Canada, then descended past Niagara Falls to Detroit, "that Hell paved with good intentions" under the dominion of the "peasant-minded" Ford. All Frenchmen know, of course, that Chicago is infested by bandits. M. Canu saw none of them, but he does explain fairly accurately the graft and civic inertia which makes them possible, and he adds naively that prudent citizens never carry more than five dollars in their pockets.

Traveling across the plains and Rocky Mountains, stopping briefly to admire the national parks, he found himself at last among the Californians, a people "insupportably pretentious and naive." San Francisco, which is accustomed to two hours *(sic)* of sunlight daily, had certainly more flavor than New York, but Los Angeles, full of religious fanatics, movie stars, beggars, and Aimée McPherson boxing with her aged mother, left him eager to escape among the canyons of Colorado and the real, live Indians of the southwest. The rest of the trip is hastily described; New Orleans, Washington, Philadelphia were fair enough, as cities go. America as a whole was characterized by a "resigned atony," but M. Canu concludes gracefully that the huge land of his sojourn is much less monotonous than those who haven't seen it will admit. Right decent of him. Except for this patronage, and the absence of individuals, his book is pleasant reading. It is written well and racily in the present tense, with glimmers of humor and highlights of information that should make it popular with those who have never seen a bandit, a Babbitt, an Automat, or an Indian.

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A Poet's Letters

FURTHER LETTERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS INCLUDING HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH COVENTRY PATMORE. Edited by Claude Colleer Abbott. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. $6.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THIS third volume of Hopkins's correspondence is a kind of appendix to the others. One reads it, as Hopkins remarked of Arnold's "Empedocles," "with more interest than rapture"; for the strain is running thin here, and while there are excellent things to be found, they do not occur with the frequency that made exciting so many of the letters to Bridges and Dixon. Even the fanatic admirer of Hopkins must be gravely tried by the sterile (and, as it happens, almost always unsound) scholarship of the bulk of the letters to Alexander Baillie — a correspondence which begins playfully ("Dear Baillie: Yes. You are a Fool. I can shew it syllogistically, by an Epimediculum or paradoxling . . ."), flares up into the precocious brilliance of the long discussion of Tennyson and ("Parnassian") poetry and the typically Hopkins speculations on symbol-counterpoint in the Greek choric odes, only to bog down hopelessly in Graeco-Egyptian etymology, sad chatter in the worst Isidorean *mulier verò à mollitie* tradition. And there is so much that is petty and narrow and dark, especially in the theological letters to E. W. Urquhart (one remembers with annoyance the letters to Bridges on the subject of alms-giving), that it almost seems as though Professor Abbott would have done the poet greater service by leaving more of these dead bones buried.

A. W. Garrett, W. A. Comyn Macfarlane, and G. M. Hopkins, July 27, 1866.

However, there are the letters to Patmore: minute analyses of Patmore's poems (a definitive edition was being contemplated, and Hopkins's advice on revisions had been sought by the older poet), line-by-line criticism, the most valuable kind of workshop discussion. Patmore's unexpectedly humble replies are printed, and the editor has gone to great pains to indicate in his notes the final disposition of every one of Hopkins's suggestions. Whatever one may think of the work of Patmore, this dissection of a poem word by word, comma by comma, is a fascinating business and, in a time of pseudo-metaphysical generalizing about meaning, it has great corrective merit. There emerges the same kind of practical esthetic that one found in the letters to Bridges, only here the scope is much more limited.

For the rest, the book is unequal. There are some charming jokes: a notable parody of Francis Bacon: ("So I think alsoe is *Seneca* to be understanded *Quot corpora, Tot capita;* Every woman has a Boddice but not every one Stays") and an exhaustive elaboration of puns on the subject of vaccination, culminating in "I meant to have written arm but I *cowld* not." There is a drawing of St. Simeon "the Stileite"—a lackadaisical emaciated creature straddling a stile, absorbed in a paper labeled *High Churchman,* absently fondling, with skeleton left hand, the crescent moon. And scattered here and there are characteristic twists of phrase that sometimes illumine the darkest letters: "Be pregnant, bring thoughts, news, strokes, touches, Moncure Conway, friends (not in the body) butts, bulls, blunders"; "You may if you like revere me on yr. envelopes henceforward"; Eden's "Tree-to-decide-right-and-wrong-by"; "a whity-greeny January"; and (of lambs) "When they were a little younger and nicer and sillier"; "Probably if he had lived longer he would have written something that wd. have done the same." One reader, at least, felt like cheering when he came upon this dismissal of the shrill tin-glittering heroine of "Much Ado": "The vain women in Shakspere are the impure minded too, like Beatrice (I do not know that I may not call her a hideous character)." And finally there is a marvelously angry scrawl from Professor Skeat, who had been chivvied beyond endurance by "Rev. Gerard Hopkins, S. J." in his role of etymological amateur: "I can't discuss. I'm much obliged. And I regret to say I'm not convinced . . ."

It is doubtful if anything in this book adds to Hopkins's stature; but it is a volume that every serious student of the poet and the period will want to own.

The Pueblos

FIRST PENTHOUSE DWELLERS OF AMERICA. By Ruth M. Underhill. New York: J. J. Augustin. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

MISS UNDERHILL brings special qualifications to her book on the Pueblo Indians of the American Southwest. She is a trained anthropologist with wide field experience, whose work in the Indian Service gives her a realistic approach to the Indian as he is today, and who has, as this book shows, an excellently readable style. In brief compass and without unnecessary technicalities, she succeeds in presenting an accurate and informative survey of the whole range of Pueblo Indians from the Hopis in their remote, desert villages to the people of Taos under the shadow of their mountain. Livened by the excellent photographs by Lillian J. Reichard, this is almost an ideal general account for tourists, or for anyone who wants a general view of a fascinating group of people without having to put forth too much effort.

The tendency of writers about these Indians has been to turn away from the turbulent present to hide in the emotional satisfaction of the extinct past. There is no understanding the Pueblos without a knowledge of the far distant times in which they are rooted, but it would be an advantage to the Indians themselves, and a great help to those who visit them, if the union of past and present, and shadow of the future, which this book achieves, were more widely accepted. The young, educated Indian who knows how to drive and repair a truck or a tractor, and who at the same time remains unshakably faithful to the spiritual heritage of his people, presents a far more interesting subject than an extinct purity, however much he may have lost picturesqueness in his daily appearance.

I must point out one important omission. The author gives considerable attention to the organization and governmental system of the Hopis, as well as to present efforts to adjust Hopi life to the white man's encroaching civilization. It is surprising that in the course of this she should not have mentioned the fact that two years ago this tribe united for the first time in three hundred years, under a written constitution providing for a tribal council and other machinery of government which is a curious blend of the ancient and the new. Barring this one lack, the book is remarkably complete, and better reading than most that have been written on the subject.

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British Foreground

DARE WE LOOK AHEAD? By Bertrand Russell, Vernon Bartlett, G. D. H. Cole, Sir Stafford Cripps, Herbert Morrison, and Harold J. Laski. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

GREAT BRITAIN has been exceedingly fortunate during the past fifty or more years in the existence of the Fabian Society, whose members have been proponents of socialism and intellectual leaders of the Labor Party. By adapting Marxist philosophy to British political thought and evolving therefrom a practical program of reform, the Fabians have led the way toward more democratic control of the national economic life. This gradual process of restraining privilege without sacrificing civil liberty contributed considerably to Britain's conquest of the depression. Paradoxically enough, it has been America and not Britain which has indulged in the luxury of "muddling through." Lacking the social program inaugurated by the Fabians and actualized in part by the Labor party, the United States in recent years has been compelled to experiment and improvise at enormous cost and often with unsatisfactory results. The present stagnation of the New Deal, with consequent danger of violent reaction, results in large measure from the fact that our public has not enjoyed a Fabian education, and that our institutions have not been gradually adjusted to modern needs.

Composed of six lectures which were delivered before the Society in 1937, this brief volume embodies the traditional virtues of Fabian publications—coherent social philosophy, penetrating analyses and concrete recommendations, lucid and often satiric style. As each of the famous contributors has merely summarized some aspect of domestic or foreign policy, the book does not pretend to offer any thorough diagnosis of Britain's ills or to detail the socialist remedy. For Americans who are wondering whether we dare look ahead, this stimulating but somewhat disparate symposium on the British dilemma is warmly recommended.

The general nature of the present crisis in British affairs is described by Bertrand Russell and Harold J. Laski. In "Science and Social Institutions," the least effective of the lectures, Mr. Russell demonstrates that contemporary science has greatly augmented the power of governments for doing both good and evil. Professor Laski discusses "The Outlook for Civil Liberties," arguing that the privileged classes are today in such great fear of overthrow by democratic forces that they are rapidly destroying the rights guaranteed under constitutional government. Mr. Herbert Morrison, outlining "Socialism Today," asserts that the Labor party must carry through this process of gradual socialization; once in power, it should seek immediate and drastic nationalization in the major fields of economic life, rather than risk defeat on half-way measures.

In confronting foreign policy, the Fabians share the uncertainty and dismay of their fellow citizens. In "The War Horizon," Mr. Vernon Bartlett laments the betrayal of the League of Nations by the Conservative government, and argues for a revival of collective security through coöperation of the democratic powers. The effects of the gigantic rearmament program upon the future of Britain are surveyed by Mr. G. D. H. Cole and Sir Stafford Cripps. In "The Economic Consequences of War Preparation," Mr. Cole fears that the process of turning ploughshares into swords will continue almost indefinitely, even in the hard-pressed dictatorships. Pointing out that the whole of the British economy is gradually being drawn into the inflationary movement of rearmament, he urges that the government prepare to meet an inevitable slump. Sir Stafford Cripps, considering "The Political Reactions of Rearmament," asserts that the rearmament movement is strengthening the hold of the wealthy ruling classes, by augmenting the power and prestige of the King, the Church, and the army.

We dare look ahead, the Fabians agree, but without the unlimited optimism of our Victorian grandparents.

James Frederick Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

British Background

THE ENGLISH HERITAGE. By Rex Welldon Finn. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN J. HERBEN

THIS book is based upon an excellent idea. There are a great many visitors to England, and doubtless as many residents, whose knowledge of the archeology, history, and cultural continuity of the country might profitably be increased by a book which would link together what they already know and guide them to a more intelligent understanding of what they see and hear.

Following a chronological scheme, Mr. Finn divides his subject into ten chapters, ranging from "The Celtic and Pre-Celtic Legacy" to "The Legacy of the Inventors." He has chosen a difficult undertaking and done it extremely badly. It is hard to imagine who would profit by owning this work, which abounds in contradictions, inaccuracies, errors of judgment and fact, together with a hearty eagerness to blunder in where few but experts securely tread. Random citations should suffice to illustrate.

The author constantly, and quite rightly, notes changes in language to demonstrate the effect of great events upon the very speech of the English, but his examples are frequently misleading and rash. When he says "Such words as *zero, almanac, algebra, zenith, alcohol* (the *al* being the Arabic *el* = the), date in our language to the twelfth century", he is wrong on every single word (*vide* N. E. D.) from two hundred years to half a millennium.

His explanations in the field of archeology are equally unreliable. "The crypt . . . served to enclose the tomb and relics of a martyr or the place of his martyrdom, secure against disaster at ground level, such as flood or fire." The alleged Roman bath in the Strand is accepted as genuine without qualification.

Quite as inept are the illustrations from literature. "Chaucer expressed what all men had for long thought, that the Church and her representatives, the bishop-barons and abbot-statesmen and friars, were no better, morally, than the men to whom they should have been an example. . . ." Chaucer never attacks the Church, mentions no "abbot-statesmen" nor "bishop-barons."

Several of the photographic illustrations are of great merit.

Stephen J. Herben teaches English at Bryn Mawr.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE WALL *Mary Roberts Rinehart* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Ex-wife returns to pre-divorce home and meets grisly end. Her maid and one other victim follow. Local sheriff confounds city sleuths.	Past-mistress of art concocts capital combination of shudders, mystery, romance, and humor—with minor annoyances that only persnickety will notice.	Super de luxe
MADMEN DIE ALONE *Josiah Greene* (Morrow: $2.)	Murder of psychiatrist in asylum looks like deed of demented fugitive from institution, but perceptive Capt. Prescott isn't so sure.	Shuddery opening chapters inside mental hospital almost equaled by shot-punctuated events outside. Sleuthing honest and convincing.	Very good
CRIME WITHIN CRIME *Peter Drax* (D. Appleton-Century Co.: $2.)	Gang of petty English crooks stumble on big proposition and double murder results. London police operate with customary efficiency.	No puzzle here, but as straightforward eventful yarn of little people in grip of tragic destiny it's brilliantly done.	Worth while

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Vatican Views

POPE PIUS XI AND WORLD PEACE. By Lord Clonmore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS B. MORGAN

"THIS book has been frankly partisan almost all through," says Lord Clonmore in the concluding chapter of his "Pope Pius XI and World Peace." Frankness really marks this book and it has been a quiet frankness without any violent bursts of condemnation against those who might disagree on such controversial subjects as the part the Roman Catholic Church has played in Spain, in Mexico, in Russia, in Abyssinia, or Germany.

Three-fourths of the work is devoted to the policy of the Catholic Church in those countries, to the questions of communism and fascism and the world's labor crisis. Lord Clonmore recounts the history of each question, its turns and influence nationally and internationally, and then offers the way out by quoting from the encyclicals of Pius XI.

Outstanding in the very extended array of subjects treated is the solution offered for the labor question. While Lord Clonmore speaks of the totalitarian state as "grim and menacing, . . . hard, bellicose and inhuman," he quotes from the encyclical *"Quadragesimo Anno"* to show that Pius XI is, however, in favor of the corporate state which he interprets as the "vocational groupings" proposed by the Pope. To support this view further, he quotes from the encyclical *"Divini Redemptoris,"* proclaimed in 1937, where the Pope said:

> We have indicated how a sound prosperity is to be restored according to the true principles of a corporative system which respects the proper hierarchic structure of society; and how all the occupational groups should be fused into an harmonious unity, inspired by the principle of the common good.

A chapter on the Americas describes the United States as emerging from a Protestantism "of a rather bigoted and unthoughtful type." Lord Clonmore credits Bishop Francis C. Kelley, of Oklahoma City, with having initiated the negotiations for the solution of the Roman question which later resulted in the Lateran treaties. He describes the troubles of the United States in Mexico and blames President Wilson for a policy which permitted the rise of the anti-Catholic regimes, though he admits that "President Wilson was not a religious bigot. He was a man of the best intentions but he suffered from having a narrow and doctrinaire mind."

The book wanders far into the social and religious problems of the various countries and one is apt to lose contact with the central figure about whom it is written. It is pleasant reading, however, because of the frankness and the easy abandon with which Lord Clonmore meets the claims of the antagonists of the Catholic Church. It is hardly a biography, and errs occasionally but especially in making Pope Pius XI a diplomat by training.

Thomas B. Morgan is the author of "A Reporter at the Papal Court."

A Poignant Love Story of Modern Tahiti

THE DARK RIVER

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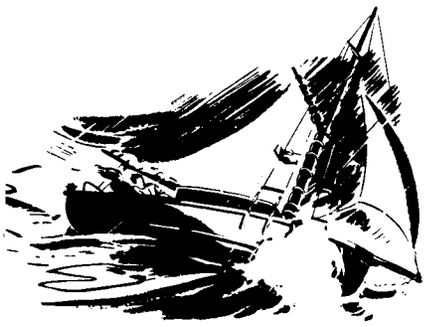
"A South Seas idyl of the first water. It touches one of the major themes of modern humanity—the love which crosses those race lines which modern men have built in defense of their own weaknesses. The pictures of Vaihiva, the Dark River, of Tahiti canyons, waterfalls and pools, cocoanut-palmed shores and fish pools, are such as only men who have lived with them could write."
—LEWIS GANNETT in N.Y. *Herald Tribune.*

"The pictures of the landscape and the life of rural Tahiti, of the uninhabited atoll where Alan and Naia are flung by the storm, are calculated to make everybody take one look at the scenes and the people around him, and then buy a one-way ticket for Papeete."
—ELMER DAVIS in *Saturday Review of Literature.*



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The Federal Writers' Project

(Continued from page 4)

he pays the entire printing bill and does his best with distribution problems; frequently he encourages a publisher to issue FWP books by offering some form of guarantee. The sponsor of a state guidebook will often take one of two steps: he either agrees to buy from the publisher, at the booksellers' usual forty percent discount, a certain number of copies of the book he is sponsoring; or he signs a statement that, if the publisher at the end of eighteen months from the publication date has not sold enough copies of the book to pay his costs, he will buy enough copies to provide the publisher with a certain sum, usually $2,500. The sponsor who buys books promises not to distribute them through regular bookstores or outside his own State. In the case of the large state guide books, the money the sponsor agrees to spend does not meet all the publishing costs; the publisher as well as the sponsor gambles, and some sponsors lend only their names. Of the New England guides, for instance, only two carried a $2,500 guarantee. Royalty moneys, the customary ten percent, go to the Project. One active sponsor is the Guild's Committee for the Federal Writers Publications, Inc., which has underwritten eight New York City books published or contracted for by Simon and Schuster, Random House, Blue Ribbon Books, and Modern Age Books. Some of the Massachusetts writers organized the Poor Richard Associates in Boston. In other states the F. W. P. dickered for sponsorships with governors, secretaries of state, racial committees, educational groups, mayors, chambers of commerce, historical societies, and legislatures. Two hundred sponsors have obligated themselves for $400,000; the largest single sum was $7,500. The Wisconsin legislature in Madison appropriated that amount for the Wisconsin guide; the Milwaukee city council appropriated the same sum for the Milwaukee guide.

Some sponsors are reluctant angels. The North Dakota legislature passed the bill providing for financial sponsorship of the guide in its state only after Ethel Schlasinger, the state director, made a mad movie dash by air over eighty miles of snow-drifted fields in coldest February from her home in Streeter to Bismarck, the capital, to prod the North Dakota Senate Committee on Appropriations into issuing a favorable report on the legislation. In South Dakota the Project gathered the material for "Sodbusters," a short set of frontier tales of early Sioux Falls, under the sponsorship of the Minnehaha County Historical Society, and then found that it really had no money for printing. So one of the girls in the office ran it off on a handpress in her basement at home.

The Project makes a point, not always successfully, of urging sponsors to permit the use of national publishers. If the sponsor agrees, the Project queries the accredited publishers and chooses the one which seems to offer most. The New England guides were all issued by Houghton Mifflin in Boston because the Secretary of State of Massachusetts, who sponsored the Massachusetts guide, insisted on a New England publisher. The Viking Press has on its tentative schedule for publication the guides to New Jersey, Kansas, Minnesota, Iowa, Tennessee, Wyoming, Arkansas, Montana, West Virginia, New York State, Nebraska, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. The advance sale for the Delaware guide, which Viking brought out in mid-June, was 1,500. The New Orleans guide, by Houghton Mifflin, was on the New Orleans best-seller list for six weeks.

"Who's Who in the Zoo," not a guide but one of the most charming works ever written on the likes and wiles of the animals, has sold over 5,000 copies. The guide to Vermont has sold over 4,000. The guides to Idaho, New Castle, Delaware, and Mattawan, New Jersey, have gone into second editions. "Cape Cod Pilot," an excursion up to Provincetown with a group of Massachusetts writers whose leader, Josef Berger, uses the pseudonym Jeremiah Digges, has sold almost 6,000 copies; according to the publishers, it is selling better now, a year after publication, than it did last year, and the sale has been nation-wide. Viking bought the rights to this book when the demand overwhelmed the original publisher, the Modern Pilgrim Press. Berger has won a Guggenheim Fellowship on the strength of this and a subsequent work. The printers of the State Guides for Viking are so pleased that they wrote President Roosevelt at Christmas time urging him to keep the Project alive as a contributor to the income of private industry and a maker of jobs for printers.

The scope of the Project can be gathered from a listing of a few random titles: "Almanac for New Yorkers"; "The Building of Timberline Lodge," Oregon; "Hoosier Tall Stories"; "Italians in New York"; "Selected Bibliography on Illinois"; "Armenians in Massachusetts"; "Selective and Critical Bibliography of Horace Mann"; "First Census of Hampshire County, West Virginia." The New Jersey Project has put out fifty educational bulletins for school-room use, each of which has had a free distribution of 10,000 copies. They tell the young about such things as "The Vanished Bog-Iron Industry" and "The Romance of the Roeblings."

"Massachusetts: A Guide to Its Places and People" was a best seller which stirred a political turmoil. Governor Charles Hurley screamed to the newspapers when he learned that the guide offered the Sacco and Vanzetti case and the Boston police strike as prime examples of anti-labor activity in his state. The governor's epithets almost peeled the gilt off the dome of the State House in Boston, and they so upset Mrs. Ellen S. Woodward, who succeeded Jake Baker as assistant W. P. A. administrator in charge of art projects, that now, at the suggestion of Harry Hopkins, she keeps an editorial assistant in the F. W. P.'s Washington office closely watching manuscripts for signs of politically dangerous remarks.

Nothing makes this Mississippi widow feel more heavily her responsibility as the ultimate apologist for the actions of her heterogeneous group of authors than the frequent accusation that the Project leans well to the Left and slips into its volumes expressions of communistic discontent. The editors do make a point of emphasizing the social conditions in states and cities on the plea that guides should present the community as a whole with its virtues and its failings. Washington, for instance, in the weight-lifter's guide, is damned for its slums. Alsberg favors this probing into the alleyways, although he has issued orders to curb extreme outbursts of indignation at social injustice. A casual sightseer interested in finding out about the city he is visiting probably doesn't care much about the living habits of the poor or the working conditions of unskilled labor.

The vigorous labor-consciousness of some of the authors, particularly in New York City, also worries Mrs. Woodward. Most of the Project workers are reasonably bitter at an economic system which they feel makes it necessary for them to work for relief wages if they wish to stay alive and retain their self-respect, and many of them are more accomplished at agitating for correction of grievances than at writing. There was a time when work could scarcely progress on the New York City project because of the hours the directors gave to hearing complaints, many of which were irremediable. The law denies vacations with pay to W. P. A. workers, but the aggrieved New Yorkers demanded them.

The books at their best avoid the overtones of both the social worker and the chamber of commerce. Their crowning virtue is in their wealth of story. The guide-makers turn up limitless quantities of information, all of which, they hope, will be used in some fashion. The manuscripts for the Iowa guide comprise 5,000,000 words; they are being reduced to fewer than 300,000 for the guide. In every state there has been some Project activity, and Washington is one of the few states which has not yet published one book. When the New Orleans guide, perhaps the masterpiece of the whole series, appeared, the chiefs of the W. P. A. in Seattle were so impressed that they issued this envious press release: "One of the most poorly advertised of the country's larger cities, Seattle emphatically needs such a volume." The Washington headquarters has 233 applications for works besides those under way. Alsberg has sent an editor and pho-

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tographer to Alaska, and in New York and Washington fifteen men and women are gathering Alaska material leading to the issuance of the Alaska guide.

Another Alsberg missionary is Dr. Bell, the Kentucky director, who was ordered to Missouri, where the Project floundered on politics. The Missouri Project was in trouble from its beginning. The first director was Geraldine Parker. Her successor was an actress, Mrs. Esther Marshall Greer, who was chosen at the behest of Missouri W. P. A. Administrator Murray, who was the choice of Tom Prendergast, the Kansas City boss. For two years Mrs. Greer's staff, which at one time numbered 132, scratched the state for material. The Projecteers received from $65 to $94.72 a month, and by May, 1938, the Missouri Project had spent altogether $226,961.93. Long before May Washington became suspicious of the worth of Mrs. Greer's supervision when they found that she planned to include in one of the state guide's city write-ups a description of a non-existent building based on a sanguine blueprint and an architect's drawing of 1929. Efforts to discharge Mrs. Greer were blocked by Murray. In desperation, Washington in May suspended the Project, and in June eliminated Mrs. Greer's job. Mrs. Greer left behind her in St. Louis filing cases stuffed with manuscripts containing millions of words and thousands of photographs and maps. Dr. Bell was sent to St. Louis to salvage this material. He is working with Gene Holcomb, editor of the Mississippi guide, and a staff of thirteen.

The Project would like to put the whole country in its books. The Washington office has the material for a master guide to the architecture of the country and is preparing a biography of American architects. It is prepared to do a study of our music shrines and music festivals, and it is about to publish three books on the American Negro in 1938 as well as a book of ex-slave stories, which is being edited by Dr. B. A. Botkin, the Project's folklorist. Alsberg boasts that the American Guide Series will run to "more than twice the size of the 'Dictionary of American Biography,' which took fifteen years to complete."

In spite of this monumental output the Project has been unable to keep all the people's authors and researchists busy on the guides and incidental books. It has lent editors and reporters to the National Park Service, the National Emergency Council, and the Forest Service. Its workers help the United States Tourist Bureau in New York City answer inquiries. They are assembling a municipal reference library in Washington in coöperation with the United States Conference of Mayors and the Bureau of the Census.

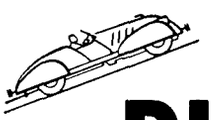
The heads of the Project are pleased with the sociological import of their non-guide activities. But their joy lies in the guides. Alsberg told a House of Representatives committee last winter:

I want to correct or dissipate the impression that these guidebooks have no creative side to them. They have. We demanded that color and imagination and vividness be used in the descriptions. Even within the framework of the tours I insist that interest and vividness be preserved. The tour form is a difficult form; it is like a sonnet.

For the sake of bringing accuracy as well as lyricism to the guides, the final manuscripts are submitted to the scrutiny of experts and students. Lyle Saxon's New Orleans guide, for example, went to press only after it had been examined by a committee including Dr. Harold A. Jandin, president of Loyola University; Robert Kirk, of Tulane University; Robert Usher, librarian of Howard Memorial Library, and Hermann Deutsch, the writer. Even they failed to notice the omission of any reference to Brander Matthews. The Project has a long schedule of proposed works. The next step is the compilation of six regional guides, of which the first, to New England, is in the works. According to the Project's announcement, tourists arriving in the United States next summer to see the New York and San Francisco fairs probably will be able to buy the Project's United States guide, 500,000 words, 1,000 pages, which Alsberg means to make available in Italian, French, and Spanish, and possibly German. The Project is planning also an encyclopedia to each state. Vardis Fisher has already published one for Idaho in which he satisfies his dislike of Senator Borah by omitting his name and belittling a crag in the Rockies known as Mount Borah.

Blair Bolles is on the editorial staff of the Washington Star.

You've met him many times in real life—
the rich man's son who just missed being
a great guy . . . .



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The New Books

Art

ANECDOTES OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND 1760-1795 . . . Collected by Horace Walpole, and now digested and published by Frederick W. Hilles and Philip B. Doghlian. Volume the Fifth and Last. Yale University Press. 1938. $3.

After Sir Horace Walpole had printed in 1770 the "fourth and last" volume of his "Anecdotes of Painting in England" he continued his habit of taking notes and keeping scrap books, of going to exhibitions and private galleries and filing his annotated catalogues. All this material, except Walpole's gallery notes, which have been already published, is now gathered into a fifth volume of the "Anecdotes." The typography, appropriately that of the original Strawberry Hill Edition, is skillfully used to distinguish the numerous cuttings from newspapers, from Sir Horace Walpole's own observations. The lover of the eighteenth century will find much of interest in these gleanings; the student of the history of art will find less, but something. Walpole's introductory remarks to the chapter on Architects is perhaps the most valuable treasure trove. Copley, Gainsborough, Reynolds, West are perhaps the most important painter figures. The neatness of Sir Horace's touch is everywhere, *e.g.*, this characterization of the Divine Angelica Kauffman:

> She was pretty, sang well and had a good character. She painted in oil; genteely but lightly, and her portraits were not very exact resemblances.

This fastidiously made volume is primarily a collector's item, but it will also find a place in art reference libraries.

F. J. M.

Biography

SEQUOYAH. By Grant Foreman. University of Oklahoma Press. 1938. $1.50.

This is an excellent, compact biography, in part a readable compilation of source material, of the remarkable Cherokee who, without previous knowledge of writing, invented an effective alphabet which was used both for writing and printing during several generations. The book is well up to the high standards already established by Dr. Foreman and by the University of Oklahoma Press.

O. La F.

Fiction

THE NAKED BLADE. By George Challis. Greystone Press. 1938. $2.

This is one of the noisiest and goriest pirate stories we have read for some time. Having formerly enjoyed Mr. Challis's "The Golden Knight," we expected a far better yarn than this. His hero, Ivor Kildare, is an insufferable egotist who performs the most incredible feats of arms and bullies a beautiful woman into marrying him. Blood flows like wine. The English are the heroes and the Spaniards are all murdering devils and cowards, save for one who suits the author's plot. Even the bestial Sir Henry Morgan, with his green-faced ape, who is supposed to be so uproariously funny, and isn't, is conceded to surpass any Spaniard. Historically the book is a joke in bad taste. Lust of blood is laid on with a trowel. The buccaneers were, naturally, no sweet-smelling crew—but when you've heard a man bawling at the top of his voice for half an hour it ceases to be impressive and becomes merely a bore. We have had evidence that Mr. Challis can do far better than this. Possibly this is a resurrected early manuscript. It sounds like it.

W. R. B.

YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED. By Margaret Culkin Banning. Harper's. 1938. $1.75.

THE DREAM PREVAILS. By Maud Diver. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $2.50.

ADVENTURE WITH WOMEN. By Sophie Kerr. Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.

LISA VALE. By Olive Higgins Prouty. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $2.50.

THE STRONGEST SON. By Barbara B. Stevens. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $2.50.

With the exception of Mrs. Banning's novel, all of these books share a quality of pleasant mediocrity. This is interesting in view of the fact that each of them is written by a top-notcher in this particular type of fiction. The women who wrote these books all have dependable followings and, including Mrs. Banning and perhaps excluding Sophie Kerr, they are all fundamentally serious in intent and approach, which is at least part of the secret of their success.

"The Dream Prevails," "The Strongest Son," and "Lisa Vale" are all of them definitely ambitious in scope, and, of them, "The Strongest Son" is much the best. It is the story of two old New England families in an old New England town, and it is mostly concerned with the fortunes of Christopher, last of the Cardinals, and Katrinka, last of the Jordans. Miss Stevens makes her people interesting and manages to convey to her reader a very authentic New England atmosphere. It is unfortunate that sometimes both her style and her plot lapse into chaos.

Chaos is no word for what Maud Diver plunges one into in "The Dream Prevails." This is the latest, but certainly not the last, of a long series of books about India. The author has had so many threads to pick up, so many beloved characters not to neglect, that the reader is in a constant frenzy of turning back pages. This is too bad because we are sure that, no matter how concerned Mrs. Diver is with the Anglo-Indian problem and its solution through Yoga (the serious theme), a good, hearty romance against a fine, Kiplingesque background is her real forte.

"Lisa Vale," by Olive Higgins Prouty, who wrote "Stella Dallas," is much plainer sailing: a sincere, uninspired story whose heroine is the charming mother of a large family, who not only has to solve her own love affair, but to steer a daughter through hers, to steer her whole family through financial ruin, to steer a son through unmerited disgrace and so on, steering to calm waters at the end—though not so calm at that, because Mrs. Prouty leaves the unsympathetic husband just recovering from a stroke, which leaves the reader sure he won't last long, which will leave Lisa free to marry the impossibly honorable lover. A very happy ending.

Sophie Kerr's "Adventure with Women" is much lighter and also more skillful. Two women, one a very possessive grandmother and the other a brand-new wife, battle over a long-suffering man. After they have both behaved very badly, he puts down his foot and says, "Scat!" and both of them mend their ways quickly, which isn't a very convincing solution. In spite of the smoothness with which she has written it, Sophie Kerr can do better than "Adventure with Women."

As for Margaret Culkin Banning, who is so much the best and most discerning of these writers, it's too bad she didn't do better with "You Haven't Changed," because it is almost very good. Three women meet again at their tenth college reunion. One of them gave up a career for a brilliant marriage; the second is a career woman who finds that she has given up love; and the third is the completely happy woman whose career is her home and her husband. So far, so good. The trouble is that Mrs. Banning brings into the picture a clever youngster who is at the moment of choosing between a career and an advantageous marriage, and the implication is that she comes to her decision through her observation of these three older women. The reader is delighted to have her choose marriage, but is left quite in the dark as to her actual reasoning. The problem is posed but hardly solved.

L. A.

HUSSEIN. By R. P. Russ. Oxford University Press. 1938. $2.50.

This medley of Eastern folk-tales, assembled in the form of a novel, is labeled "An Entertainment." It resembles the entertainment provided by those professional tellers of tales who have, since before the time of Homer, perpetuated the legends of their people for the price of their daily bread. The adventures are set in that pristine world of fiction where magic joins with realism. Its hero embodies merely the elemental passions and dreams common to humanity. Hussein desires love and he desires wealth; after passing through innumerable ordeals and dangers he achieves both.

Readers of "Hussein" will inevitably be reminded of "Kim," though Kipling's magic touch is missing here. Both Kim O'Hara and Hussein live their free and adventurous lives against the crowded background of ancient India, in which holy men, magicians, scribes, and special agents carry on elaborate intrigues for obscure and sinister ends. But Hussein is a native boy living in the native India

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and only casually in contact with the world of sahibs. He is, by turns, elephant-keeper, snake-charmer, story-teller, farmer, and spy. His adventures hang together only by virtue of the persistent purpose which runs through them and is finally realized when, at the end, he rides into Haiderabad as a wealthy merchant, on his gorgeously caprisoned elephant, and claims the bride who has waited for him. All this is excellent entertainment for a thousand and second Arabian night.

L. J. H. Jr.

THE ANTS' NEST. By Muriel Daly. Appleton-Century. 1938. $2.

The unpretentiousness of Miss Daly's collection of character-episodes eliminates any possible reproaches on the score of their extreme slightness. It would be positively unsporting to remember what Kay Boyle has done, now and again, with the same material—the people who spend much of their time in the hotels and *pensions* of Continental resorts. In Miss Daly's case, the town is Sant' Anna, on the Italian Riviera, and the subjects of her loosely-connected sketches the Britons—largely middle-aged—who come back to it season after season. Written with agreeable competence, their various stories flow quietly and with a mild humor that sometimes pleases but never startles the reader.

W. S.

THE HISTORICAL NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT: THIRD SERIES. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $2.50.

A collection of twelve tales drawn from history, which will never be approved by formal historians; for one is admittedly false (though narrated by one of the actors in his memoirs), two more are highly dubious, and all have been supplied with motivation and scraps of talk whose source is the author's own examination of the probabilities. The intent, as with somewhat similar reconstructions by Dumas and Andrew Lang, is to produce tales with a historical background, whose characters' veins shall be supplied with the juices of life rather than with oil from the academic lamp.

The result is curiously uneven. The stories of Elizabeth and Essex and of the intrigues of Catherine de' Medici need rather more space than they can be given here; they die of encyclopedism. Henry VIII appears as merely a royal libertine, who used his crown as an instrument of seduction, which is as bad as the opposite error of historians who make him a crowned politician using his marriages as instruments of policy; and does not even make a convincing story. On the other hand the story of poor little Jane Grey has seldom or never been better told than here.

On the whole, a good book. We could stand a few more series of such entertainments, which at their worst are at least entertaining, and at their best, apply a psychological corrective factor to the ordinary process of history, which too often neglects psychology for dates.

F. P.

History

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON. With an Account of the Province of South Carolina: Diaries and Letters of Hessian Officers. Translated and edited by B. A. Uhlendorf. University of Michigan Press. 1938. $4.

It's a far cry from the villainous Hessians of boys' patriotic books to the real Hessians who so frequently got on better with the Americans than the English, and were better liked in return. Here in "The Siege of Charleston," we have the diaries of three Hessian officers, together with additional letters bearing upon the siege. The author of the longest diary, Captain Hinrichs, seems to have been an exceptionally observant, intelligent, and well-educated officer, interested in indigo, spanish-moss, and calavance peas as well as in opening parallels and mounting batteries. He gives, with German thoroughness, an interesting and vivid picture, not only of the siege itself, but of the countryside, the city, and the people. The other diaries, those of Captain Ewald and General Van Huyn, have less flavor of personality to them but are historically interesting. Charleston was besieged and reduced in 1780, in strict accordance with all the best professional formulae for the siege and reduction of small cities, and anybody who would like to follow the day-by-day progress of an eighteenth-century siege, under skilled professional guidance, will find an admirable opportunity here—as well as a good deal of interesting comment on the South Carolina of a hundred and fifty years ago.

S. V. B.

International

TERROR IN RUSSIA? Two Views. By Upton Sinclair and Eugene Lyons. Richard R. Smith. 1938. $1.

Any discussion of Russia—in capitalist drawing-room or workers' summer school—is bound to arouse a wide divergence of opinion regarding the objectives and achievements of the communist revolution. This divergence has been sharpened during the past three years by the Soviet "purge," which has alienated many liberals hitherto sympathetic to Soviet socialism, and has hardened others in their belief that, as Walter Duranty has often said, "one cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs."

These two schools of thought are represented in the debate between Upton Sinclair, veteran crusader against capitalist exploitation, and Eugene Lyons, author of "Assignment in Utopia," disillusioned and embittered by his practical experience of life under the Soviets. Their exchange of views, originally published in various magazines, never rises above the level of rather mediocre polemics. Upton Sinclair retains his faith in the ultimate value of the Soviet system which, in his opinion, is "capable of progress and improvement," as contrasted with fascism. He deprecates the sacrifices in terms of life and liberty entailed by the tempo of Soviet economic development, but looks forward to the time when a genuinely coöperative commonwealth will have supplanted the dictatorship of the proletariat. Most important of all, he believes that the democracies, instead of criticizing the course of events in the U.S.S.R., should support the Soviet government as a bulwark against fascist expansion.

This point of view is disputed by Eugene Lyons, who restates—in less striking terms—the main thesis of his book, that a good end never justifies brutal means, that dictatorship is not the path to democracy, and that the Soviet political system does not differ fundamentally from fascist institutions in Germany and Italy.

V. M. D.

Miscellaneous

THE BOOK: the Story of Printing and Bookmaking. By Douglas McMurtrie. Covici-Friede. $5.

Ten years ago Mr. McMurtrie's history of printing, under the title of "The Golden Book," presented the reader with the first general history of printing in many years. It saw four printings, and it was followed in 1928 by Mr. Oswald's history. Neither of these books was entirely satisfactory, but they filled a place, and served as an introduction to the history of printing for many people who had become interested in the craft.

The present volume, with the more reasonable title of "The Book," is a substantial rewriting of Mr. McMurtrie's earlier history, sufficient to make it a new book.

The author is responsible for a prodigious amount of writing on the subject of printing, many volumes, especially on American aspects of the subject (including the first volume of a monumental

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The Third Volume now published brings Dr Clapham's monumental work down to 1914, with an Epilogue on post-war conditions.

"Here—almost for the first time—we have a picture of normal society in a past age in the same fullness of detail as we can picture our own age. . . . It is the beginning of what we have never had before, a history of the English people." THE TIMES

"As fascinating and instructive to the general reader as it must be valuable to the expert." BALTIMORE SUN

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history of printing in the United States), and innumerable shorter monographs, bearing his name.

"The Book" offers a comprehensive summary of the history of printing—too comprehensive, perhaps, to be quite as successful as it ought to be. There is evidence of a lack of balance in the space given to some features of the subject, an undue amount of detail in such matters as the Gutenberg invention and the rather extraneous subject of the invention or development of the alphabet: while clearly the history of the spread of printing in America is rather overdone for so unimportant a phase. On the other hand, the account of the Gutenberg invention in Western Europe gives at length a summary of the latest knowledge on the question.

The illustrations are numerous and well chosen, there is a good amount of bibliographical reference material, and an ample index. And the printing of the volume has been very well handled. As a general history of the subject it is the best book available, and is to be recommended to the general reader with the understanding that the history of the art and practice of printing is a vast subject, intricate in detail, and impossible to compress within the limits of any one volume. So far as that can be done, Mr. McMurtrie has produced an interesting and readable book.

C. P. R.

THE YANKEE WHALER. By Clifford W. Ashley. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $5.

The publication of this book in a new, popular edition with 150 superb illustrations by the author will be welcomed by all who are interested in the history of Yankee whaling. Born in New Bedford, of whale-hunting ancestry, Mr. Ashley has obtained a knowledge of the industry from first-hand observation. The book contains a graphic and sincere account of his personal experiences in the whaling bark *Sunbeam* in 1904. Like a resurrected sea chest, it is packed with half-forgotten lore—gear and craft, methods of attack, habits and behavior of the sea leviathan, together with extracts from the hitherto unpublished log book of the sloop *Manufactor*, the oldest whaling log in existence.

Mr. Ashley has himself thrilled to the cries: "Give it to him! . . . Fast, by God! . . . Peak your oars!" He writes:

> The huge monster breached clear of the sea, and with mighty flukes tossed high, for an instant was silhouetted against the yellow of the afternoon sky. Then we were off with the speed of an express train, with water pouring in a great sheet over our bows. The (whale) boat was being lashed through the water like a fly on a trout line.

Mr. Ashley's remarks on the personalities of Yankee whalemen are interesting. He particularly stresses the paternalistic attitude of whaling captains toward their crews. In the light of existing records, however, and the reminiscences of old whalemen of his acquaintance, this reviewer believes that the latter view is open to question.

R. B.

CLASSIFIED

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INTERNATIONALLY known author, sportsman, resident Europe, would contribute cultural, travel, and sporting articles to American Papers or Magazines. Box 825-C.

TO LET:—ANTIOCH SOPHOMORE. Co-ed, 20, needs job to about Oct. 1. Good disposition chief asset. Would fit as child's companion, camp assistant. Best references. Reasonable salary and maintenance. Elizabeth, 1128 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

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Double-Crostics: No. 224

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

			1-D	2-Q	3-H	4-U	5-Z		6-N	7-B	8-F		9-Y	10-G	11-E	12-Z
	13-O	14-I	15-N		16-Q	17-G	18-D	19-O	20-S		21-U	22-S	23-T	24-O	25-W	
26-H	27-J	28-T		29-T	30-X	31-K		32-X	33-L	34-Z	35-S	36-R	37-E		38-Y	
39-L	40-V	41-J	42-N		43-E	44-T	45-I		46-J	47-F	48-H	49-O		50-N	51-T	52-H
53-S	54-Y	55-E	56-O		57-P	58-A	59-O		60-U	61-L	62-E	63-W	64-S	65-Q	66-G	
67-E	68-O	69-L	70-R	71-Z	72-P	73-G	74-Y	75-M		76-F	77-T	78-D		79-N	80-C	81-Z
82-A	83-E		84-A	85-Z	86-M	87-F		88-P	89-T	90-X		91-A	92-B	93-I	94-T	95-S
	96-O	97-B		98-U	99-R	100-D	101-C	102-H		103-R	104-D	105-Z		106-I	107-K	108-Q
	109-L	110-S	111-N	112-F	113-J	114-M		115-X	116-V	117-D	118-W	119-Q	120-J	121-M		122-C
123-K	124-Y		125-W	126-P	127-T		128-Q	129-R	130-X	131-V	132-G	133-T	134-O	135-I		136-K
137-X	138-U		139-G	140-M	141-Y	142-R	143-X	144-J	145-S		146-A	147-W	148-E		149-J	150-E
151-C		152-W	153-B		154-K	155-P		156-C	157-Z	158-A	159-Y	160-N	161-J	162-S	163-R	164-P
	165-Y	166-K		167-K	168-I		169-B	170-V	171-J	172-Z	173-U					

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. West Indian wild yam (comp.).

B. Subject of satirical sketches by Thackeray (1846).

C. Author of "Songs of Innocence."

D. Dull, heavy.

E. Not comely.

F. Heroine of "Pagliacci."

G. Successfully tackled (football player).

H. Tutelary gods (Roman).

I. Hard to manage (U. S.).

J. Free verse (2 wds.).

K. Members Palestine brotherhood—2nd century.

L. Averse.

M. Spruce of eastern Asia.

N. Puts in writing; drafts.

O. Unfeeling.

P. One of the Fates (Gr.).

Q. Effects with sharp quick pain.

R. External.

S. Molded.

T. Fiery river of Hades.

U. Palm stems used for wickerwork.

V. Pertaining to the mouth.

W. Titaness, wife of Zeus (Gr.).

X. Defeated (cards—slang).

Y. Rendered unstable.

Z. Planned as to procedure.

WORDS

146 82 58 91 158 84

153 7 92 169 97

156 80 122 101 151

1 18 100 78 117 104

67 83 37 62 55 150 43 11 148

87 47 112 8 76

66 73 17 10 139 132

3 26 52 102 48

168 93 14 45 135 106

41 120 27 149 113 161 46 144 171

107 154 167 31 123 166 136

39 33 61 69 109

114 86 75 121 140

111 42 15 6 79 160 50

96 68 24 19 59 56 13 49 134

72 164 155 88 126 57

119 108 2 65 16 128

70 163 129 99 103 36 142

162 110 145 22 53 35 20 64 95

51 44 94 127 133 28 29 89 23 77

60 98 21 173 4 138

40 116 131 170

125 147 25 63 152 118

90 137 32 30 130 143 115

159 141 165 38 54 9 74 124

172 5 85 81 12 71 34 157 105

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

E. D., Colgate University, apropos our suggestion of a small-college motto (*Trade Winds*, June 18) offers another quotation from Horace (Odes I, xviii) "for the tap-room, not too far from the campus":—

SICCIS OMNIA NAM DURA

☞Among other discussions at the three-day program of the English Teachers (part of the general synod of the National Education Assoc.) was "The Relation Between a Sense of Humor and Intelligence" by Leon Mones of Cleveland H. S., Newark. ☞Professor Lennox Gray of Teachers' College, Columbia, offered to the National Council of Teachers of English a hypothesis about the contrast of spirit between novels written about Chicago and those about New York. After examining 500 of the former and 2500 of the latter Professor Gray concludes that the characteristic of Chicago fiction is "a quest for epic dignity"; that of New York fiction is "a sense of the fantastic."

☞Max Schuster also hastens to mention a book "to meet the shortage of laughter on current lists." He advocates *With Malice Toward Some* by Margaret Halsey (who is the wife of Professor Henry W. Simon, vigorous student of Shakespeare).

☞In honor of Mary Roberts Rinehart's eleventh mystery, *The Wall*, the Q. Associates have invited Judge Lynch of the Criminal Record Dept. to expand beyond the narrow confines of his bench. We print his report herewith:

> Those readers who look down their noses at detective-mystery fiction and murmur about "The Moonstone" or "The Lady in White" are reminded that there are two ladies writing today who are able to combine the bafflement and suspense of the mystery story with the characterization and background—not to speak of style—of the simon-pure novel with a skill which (this is heresy) makes Wilkie Collins's books look pale. They are Mary Roberts Rinehart and Dorothy Sayers. The latter lady is for nonce so completely in love with her fictional hero, Lord Peter Wimsey, that sentiment hath swallowed up sleuthing, but Mrs. Rinehart in her current novel "The Wall," shows that her hand has lost none of its cunning at plot devising, or her humor its bite, though her first mystery novel was published as long ago as 1908. The people in "The Wall" are so well realized, their actions and reactions so much those of "nice people" when confronted by tragedy, that one forgives completely Mrs. Rinehart's fracture of a Cardinal Rule in the Construction of Detective Stories. Find it, if you can! There are a few other chinks —not of the Fu Manchu variety—in "The Wall" but they are negligible, and, to quote the laureate of the Criminal Record department in one of his thankfully rare ascensions into verse,
>
> *She wrote "The Man in Lower Ten"*
> *And other splendid thrillers. Then*
> *She made the nation laugh with Tish—*
> *But, really murder is her dish:*
> *As will be seen by one and all*
> *Who read her latest book, "The Wall."*

☞Margaret Mitchell appeared in town last week for her first New York press interview. Medium Q. arrived at the Macmillan offices to find Miss Mitchell, who looks like her pictures, tolerantly blinking into a battery of flash bulbs. ☞She says there will be no sequel to *Gone with the Wind;* in fact she is not working on any book at all—hasn't time, she explains. She still gets quantities of fan mail, and answers all the legible letters. ☞She seems quite satisfied with the casting of the movie (Norma Shearer as Scarlett, Clark Gable as Rhett Butler); she mentioned that she is more interested in seeing what they will do with the background and events rather than with the characters.

☞Miss Mitchell talked at length about impostors who go around the country lecturing in her name; it seems the woods are full of them. She has a standing offer to any Southern newspaper to call her, reversing the charges, and check up when "Margaret Mitchell" appears in town. She also told about the entertainment provided for the gentleman who won the Danish prize contest for readers of *Gone with the Wind* in Denmark. He got a free trip from Copenhagen to Atlanta, where Miss Mitchell and some friends took him to see the Civil War battlefields. (Miss Mitchell has never been to Europe.)

☞Miss Mitchell says the last chapter of her book was the first to be written, and when she got back to it she did not change a word. The whole book was written inconsecutively; if she felt like writing about the Battle of Atlanta, she did, regardless of what she had been writing the day before. ☞She also laid to rest various untrue reports; she has never been in danger of going blind, she never had a broken back, and she has never been divorced. (It seems that all these misfortunes happened to three other authors.) ☞This was only her second trip to New York since her book was published. On this visit she stayed just two days; spent one afternoon shaking hands with all the Macmillan employees, and the rest of her time—except for the press conference—calling up friends who used to live in Atlanta.

☞Little Brown & Co. distribute gratis a pamphlet by Sterling North on *The Writings of Mazo de la Roche*. Mr. North, book critic of the Chicago *Daily News*, estimates the Jalna series as "probably the finest extensive work on an American family which the continent has yet produced. . . . Take it from a young man now struggling with a Mid-Western trilogy, a six-in-line series is a feat of literary engineering." ☞Will Solle, the rusticating bookseller of Omena, Michigan, has increased his business (by intelligent mail order work) to the point where he has to build a shop separate from his home: Good going, Will. ☞We were interested to note that our old friend James Whitall has succeeded to the important job so long and ably performed by the late Hamish Miles, translator of André Maurois.

☞We should enjoy reading M. Maurois' speech on entering the Academie Française, which is sure to have been a graceful pronouncement. ☞And how few writers, in this age of savage effects, have the quality of grace. ☞"Have you ever noticed" (ejaculates Ben Abramson of the Argus Bookshop, who is always noticing something) "that in any handful of books picked up at random, the bindings are so happily contrasted in color and style and size that they seem consciously designed to complement each other." ☞In your library," (continues Ben, passing into an ecstasy) "you will find harmony, eternal variety, and peace." ☞And if you don't, Ben will put it there for you. We look forward to seeing the book he has been writing—humorous in title but not in purpose—*How to Go Down in the World.*

☞The most remarkable book catalogue of this year—or perhaps of many years—is the Rosenbach Company's extraordinary offering *The Sea*, listing 837 important books, maps, and MSS on navigation, naval history, nautical affairs and romance, etc. With truth the foreword describes it as "a milestone in the history of bookselling." We hope a few copies are for sale as it is of great value to all sea-students. ☞The most amusing recent error in a publisher's catalogue (called to our attention by the blushing publisher himself) is the description in Norton's Autumn List of Mr. Moholy-Nagy, distinguished Hungarian architect now living in Chicago, as Director of "the New Brauhaus." ☞It is of course "Bauhaus," named for the famous German institute of building arts which was closed by the Nazis in 1933. ☞Speaking of fine design and sense of beauty, heartiest congratulation to the Colophon on its new *Annual of Bookmaking* which sums up and illustrates ten years' achievement in the arts of the book and is itself one of the most stirring of them. It makes even the journeyman eager to contribute some conscious decency to the printed word. A few copies are available to non-subscribers at $7.50 (address *The Colophon*, 229 W. 43).

Edgar H. Wells

☞The death of Edgar H. Wells, after long disability from heart disease, is a sad loss to the trade in fine and rare. Mr. Wells, who was only 63, took up the pleasures of bookselling with characteristic zeal after a career of wide interests. He had been an instructor in English at Harvard, the general secretary of the Harvard Alumni, and also did important war service for the Red Cross and in the army. He established his bookshop in New York in 1921 and was a well-known figure at auction sales.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 223)

JEFFERIES: "FIELD AND HEDGEROW."

A barren race they are, the proud poppies, lords of the July field, taking no deep root, but raising up a brilliant blazon of scarlet heraldry out of nothing. . . . The ruler is always a foreigner. . . . The poppies are the Normans of the field.

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